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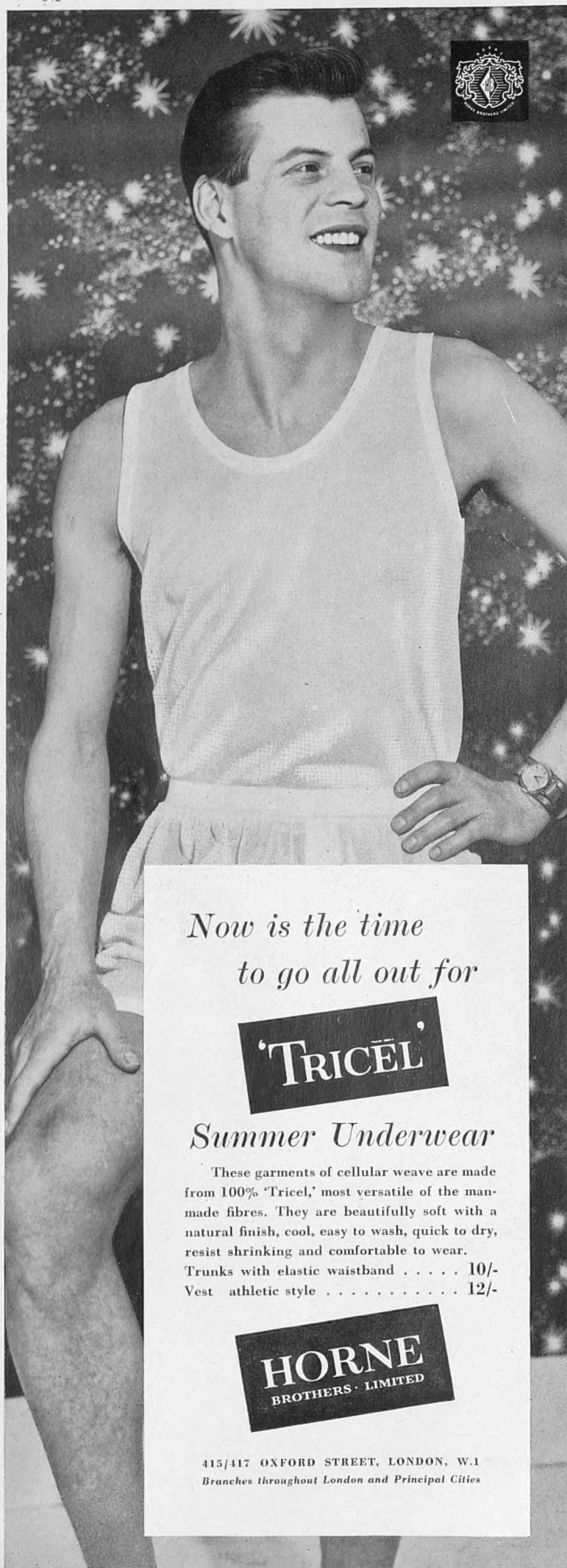
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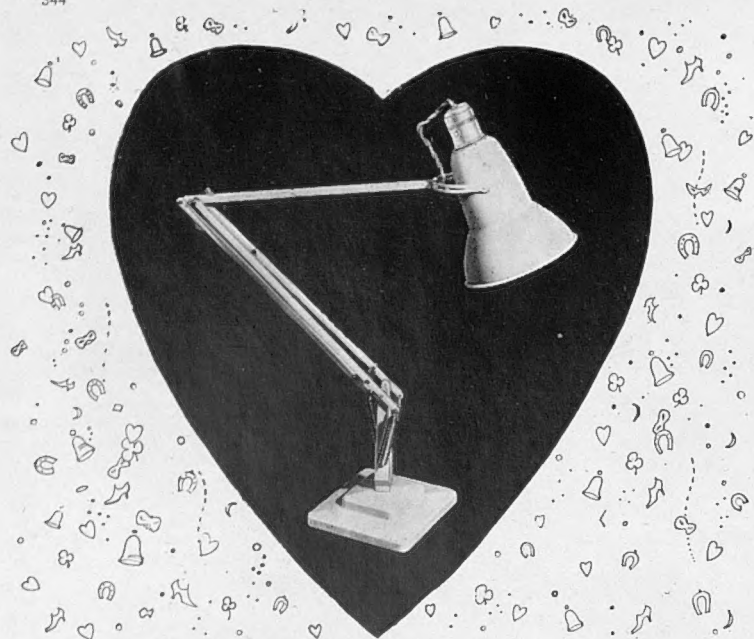
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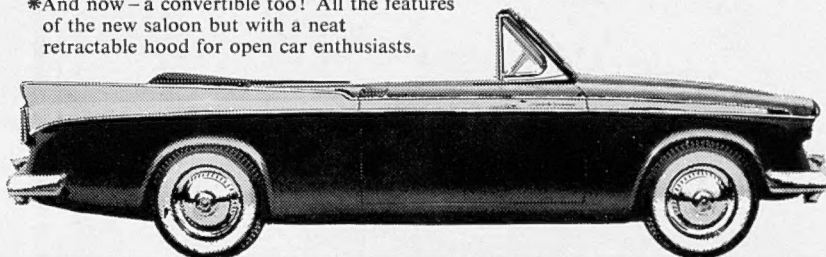
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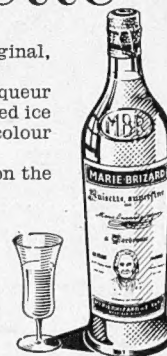
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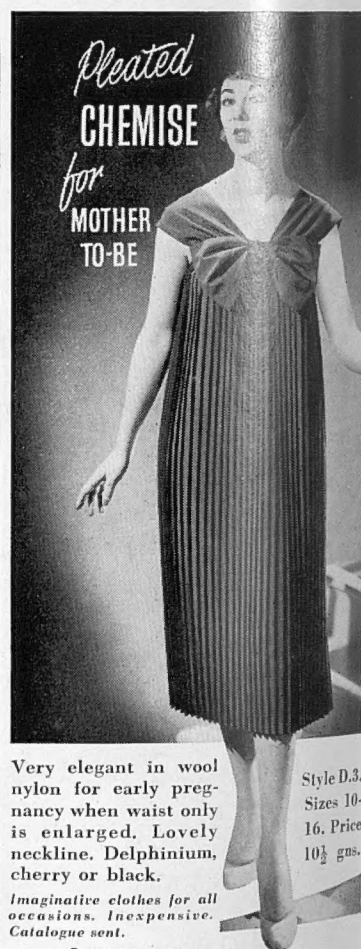
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# Springtime in Rome



... Winter is now past, the rain is over and gone,  
The flowers have appeared in our land...  
In our land the rain is never over and gone, but the flowers are now here in profusion. The biggest event of the flower season comes next week when the Queen attends the Chelsea Flower Show. For a lighthearted account of flower arrangement on a less elaborate scale see page 362.

## D I A R Y of the week

FROM 15 MAY TO 21 MAY

### THURSDAY 15 MAY

**Horse Show:** The Royal Windsor Horse Show at Home Park, Windsor, to 17th.

**Art:** Artists of Chelsea Exhibition at Chenil Gallery, Chelsea.

**Racing** at Newmarket and Bath.

### FRIDAY 16 MAY

**Concert:** The Fine Arts Quartet gives the second of four Beethoven concerts at the Royal Festival Hall, 5.55 p.m.

**Archery:** The Southern Counties' Championships on Greenjacket Field, Winchester.

**Racing** at Lingfield Park and Haydock Park.

### SATURDAY 17 MAY

**Cricket:** M.C.C. v. New Zealand at Lord's.

**Polo:** Semi-final of the Leaf Cup at Cowdray Park.

**Point-to-Point:** Melton Hunt Club (Garthorpe).

**Racing** at Lingfield Park, Haydock Park, Newcastle, Ayr.

### SUNDAY 18 MAY

**Recital:** C. Day Lewis reads his own and other poets' work at the Apollo Society Poets' Evening, Royal Festival Hall, 7.45 p.m.

### MONDAY 19 MAY

**Chelsea Flower Show:** The Queen, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother & Princess Margaret visit the Chelsea Flower Show in the Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea. (Private view 20th, open to 23rd.)

**Trade:** The first European Television Exhibition, Park Lane House, London.

**Concert:** Julius Katchen gives a piano recital at 8 p.m. in the Royal Festival Hall.

**Racing** at Ayr and Wolverhampton.

### TUESDAY 20 MAY

**Concert:** Eileen Joyce is one of four harpsichord players at a concert in the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

**Racing** at Wolverhampton and York.

### WEDNESDAY 21 MAY

**Royal Engagement:** Princess Alexandra presents nurses' prizes at Hillingdon Hospital, Middx.

**Cricket:** Oxford University v. New Zealand at Oxford.

**Concert:** First performance in Britain of Stravinsky's *Agon* by Collegium Musicum Londinii, conducted by John Minchinton. Annie Fischer is solo pianist. Royal Festival Hall, 11 p.m.

**Racing** at York and Salisbury.

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# The TATLER

L. B. STANDER

Vol. CCIII. No. 2966

14 May 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



## PERSONALITY

### President of Italy

SIGNOR GIOVANNI GRONCHI, now in Britain on a state visit with his wife, has been President of the Republic of Italy since May, 1955. His office corresponds more to the French Presidency than the American.

A teacher by profession, Signor Gronchi (pronounced Gron-kee), now 70, has been in politics more than 50 years. At school in Tuscany, and later at Pisa University, he had to find tutoring jobs to pay his way, owing to his father's ill-health.

After World War One service, he became Under Secretary for Industry & Commerce in the first Mussolini Government. But when the Partito Popolare decided to dissociate itself from the Government in 1923, he resigned. Soon afterwards, he and other

anti-Fascist members were expelled from Parliament. He also had to resign his teaching appointment and seek work in industry. In World War Two he was a partisan organizer.

After the war Signor Gronchi returned to politics and was Speaker of the Chamber from 1948 until he became President.

Signor Gronchi speaks little English and some French, but his wife speaks English more fluently. He was a widower when they were married in 1941. His wife has a degree in public accountancy. She shares her husband's interest in classical music (they go in for hi-fi). They have two children—Mario, 16, and Maria Cecilia, 14, at the piano in the picture with her father.

Pictures of Staterooms in the Italian Embassy on page 387





The bride's parents, Mr. & Mrs. John Wynne-Williams, with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. G. W. Sherston. Mr. Wynne-Williams is the head of an advertising firm



Josephine Wynne-Williams, the bride's cousin, aiming her camera (the bridegroom's gift) at John Wynne-Williams, the bride's brother, and Adele Corozza another cousin



AT ST. JAMES'S, SPANISH PLACE, Miss Adele Wynne-Williams, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Wynne-Williams, married Captain John Sherston, Grenadier Guards, only son of the late Captain G. W. Sherston and of Mrs. Sherston

## A Guards wedding



Captain A. G. R. Ellerington, Grenadier Guards, with his wife (left) and Mr. John Russell-Parsons at the Claridge's reception



Mrs. M. J. Barrett, aunt of the bridegroom, with her daughter, Miss Deborah Jowitt, a débutante



Miss Susan Titley with Mr. Basil Bicknell. He is a member of the Honourable Artillery Company and is on the *Financial Times*

Desmond O'Neill



## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# Half-way to a racing double?

by JENNIFER

ON a brilliantly sunny afternoon hats came off and cheers rose as the Queen's homebred colt Pall Mall, ridden by Douglas Smith and trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, won the 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket. Mr. H. F. Joel's Major Portion was the runner-up, with Mr. Arpad Plesch's Nagani third. The Queen takes so keen an interest in racing and British bloodstock, that the sympathy of everyone went out to her at not being able to see her horse win the first of this year's classics. Her absence was due to a heavy cold which kept her indoors at Windsor Castle for over a week.

The Princess Royal, whom I saw talking to Lord Tryon, the Queen's Treasurer, in the unsaddling enclosure after the race, was the only member of the Royal Family present. She was one of the first to congratulate Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort on his first Guineas winner. Although he has won over £100,000 in stake money for his patrons, Capt. Boyd-Rochfort, who is a consistently brilliant trainer, had never won the "2,000" or the Derby. Let us wish him luck in bringing off the double this year. While elated at the success of the Queen's horse, he was also disappointed in the running of the favourite, Bald Eagle, which he trains for Mr. H. F. Guggenheim who had come over from America to see his horse run.

The Private Stand seemed full and there was an immense crowd in the paddock before the big race. Many of the women had shed their coats and were wearing neat tailored dresses on this afternoon of sudden warmth. The Earl of Rosebery wore the only straw boater I noticed, trimmed with an I.Z. band. He was one of the stewards with Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey and Lord Howard de Walden who was deputizing for Lt.-Col. Curzon Herrick, who I was sorry to hear was ill. Lord Howard de Walden was looking forward to the following Saturday when the new round racecourse here was to be opened for the first time.

Racing that day were the Duke & Duchess of Norfolk, the Duke & Duchess of Roxburghe (he is one of the Jockey Club stewards this year), the Duke & Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess & Marchioness of Tweeddale, Earl & Countess Fitzwilliam, Major Jack & the Hon. Mrs. Harrison (he had a two-year-old running), Lord Porchester and his pretty wife, Lord Belper, the Marquess & Marchioness of Blandford, Sir Harold & Lady Zia Wernher, Lady Willoughby de Broke and Mr. & Mrs. Tom Blackwell, all Newmarket enthusiasts. The smartest woman present was Madame Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador and a keen racing enthusiast; she wore a light blue and white finely striped suit, and neat hat to match, and told me she had backed the Queen's horse; she is shortly going to Turkey for a visit.

## These dresses took my eye

Lady Manton, whom I had meant to include among my choice of best-dressed women a few weeks ago, looked attractive in a pale beige dress and jacket which later she wore without the jacket. The Comtesse Edouard Decazes, who accompanied her husband over from France to see their horse Bel Canto II run in the Guineas, looked charming in a beautifully cut loose dark blue coat and little hat to match, and Mrs. Jean Garland was beautifully turned out in a cream wool suit and large plain straw hat of the same shade. I met Lady Dynevor who came with Mrs. John Dewar, and the American owner Mrs. Widener whose Neptune II was much fancied in the big race. She was talking to the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan with Mr. & Mrs. Adrian Scrope. I also saw Sir Malcolm & Lady McAlpine who had flown up from Broadstairs to see their horse Paresa who finished fifth in the Guineas, Mr. William & Lady Belinda Dugdale talking to the Hon.



### Feilden-Wood

Mr. Randle Joseph Feilden, elder son of Maj.-Gen. Sir Randle & Lady Feilden, of Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, married the Hon. Cardine Wood, elder daughter of Lord & Lady Irwin, of Swynford Paddocks, Newmarket, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



### Faulkner-Buxton

Mr. David James Faulkner, Irish Guards, son of the late Lt.-Col. W. D. Faulkner, M.C., and of the Countess of Dundee, married Miss Victoria Mary Rose Buxton, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Buxton, of Galhampton Manor, Yeovil, Somerset, at North Cadbury Church, Somerset



### Blair-Thomas

Mr. Douglas Scott Blair, youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. Alistair Blair, of Logwood, The Common, Exmouth, Devon, married Miss Judith Vivyan Thomas, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. L. V. Thomas, of The Manor Cottage, Penzance, Cornwall, at St. Perranuthnoe, near Penzance



### Hayes-Reardon-Smith

Mr. Francis Hayes, youngest son of the late Mr. R. S. Hayes and of Mrs. Hayes, of Bridgend, Glam., married Miss Susanne Reardon-Smith, daughter of Nesta Lady Reardon-Smith, Peterston-super-Ely, Glam., and Sir William Reardon-Smith, Bt., of South Molton, Devon, at Peterston



## Jennifer at the Academy

The opening of the London Season with the Private View of the 190th exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House was favoured with brilliant sunshine; so the galleries were a sparkling scene of gay summer clothes, though most of them soon became too crowded to see either the pictures on the walls or the colourful dresses. I found one big difference. In the past it has always been considered fairly certain that you would find the outstanding pictures and portraits and the biggest crowd in the first four galleries. It was not so this year. The pick of the pictures are in the small seventh gallery, which was packed the whole time.

Here is John Merton's much publicised portrait of the Countess of Dalkeith. On the opposite wall hangs Pietro Annigoni's portrait of the Maharani of Jaipur, and near this Sir Gerald Kelly's painting of Lord Weeks. Other works here include Simon Elwes's painting of Mrs. Henry Pomeroy Davison, of Peacock Point, U.S.A., an enchanting Anna Zinkeisen called "The Baby," a portrait by A. K. Lawrence, a small but delightful picture "Kempton Park," by Sir Alfred Munnings, and two flower pictures by Dod Proctor. In fact this room has the gems.

Here and there in the other galleries I saw a picture I liked and remember; for example the late David Jagger's unfinished portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh, Simon Elwes's conversation piece of the partners of Cazenoves called "Partners Room, 12 Tokenhouse Yard," Lord Methuen's painting of Mr. George & Lady Cecilia & Master Nicholas Howard, James Gunn's portrait of Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, a Charles Cundell canvas of the Alpes Maritimes, Sir Winston Churchill's painting of Menton and his still life



Van Hallen

"Oranges And Lemons" and works by Dame Laura Knight and Anthony Devas. Of Devas's picture of the Queen I found everyone around me saying what I thought: "It does not quite do her justice."

Among those going round the galleries before lunch were the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Marquess Townshend, Lady Browning (Daphne du Maurier), Lt.-Gen. & Mrs. Brocas Burrows, Sir Andrew & Lady Clark (there is a portrait of him by A. K. Lawrence), Lady Reid Dick with Lady Macnaghton, Lady Kent, Sir Arnold Lunn, the Hon. Mrs. Woodruff, Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Col. & Mrs. Whitehead, over from Canada, Col. &

Mrs. Basil Jackson and Miss Jennifer Nicholson.

Others were Mr. Clark (just off to join his regiment in Cyprus) escorting Lady Newall, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril & Lady Douglas-Pennant, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Lady Meyer and her mother Mrs. Knight, Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Duthy, Lady Melchett looking nice in navy blue with touches of white, Mrs. Agar Robarter, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Mrs. Isadore Kerman, Mr. Charles Harding escorting Lady Edith Foxwell and her daughter, Zia, Sir Beverley Baxter and his pretty daughter Meribah, and Viscountess Maitland with her youngest daughter Lady Elizabeth Maitland.

Anthony & Mrs. Samuel, Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson who won the last race with Waterfall, and Mr. Kenneth Watt and Mr. Michael Watt, two of the efficient partners of the great Tattersalls Bloodstock Sales. Also racing were Lord Graves talking to Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mrs. Graham Bailey who came with her brother Mr. Alan Robertson to see his horse run, Mr. & Mrs. Desmond Baring, Viscount Galway, Lady Mordant with Mr. & Mrs. Guy Lawrence, Mrs. Henry Martineau, Mrs. Walter Buckmaster and her elder daughter Eulalie, Sir Eric & Lady Ohlson, the Countess of Gainsborough in a cool green printed dress, Mrs. Alan Noble, Vera Lady Broughton, and Mr. & Mrs. Vincent Routledge.

### London has the Fairest Lady

As I had to get back to London early that evening for the opening night of *My Fair Lady* which began at 7 p.m. I went, as I have done before, by air. I flew from Croydon in a Heron from Morton Airways, which took half an hour each way, it having taken me about three-quarters of an hour to get from the West End to Croydon. It was a wonderfully comfortable and effortless journey of an hour and a quarter from door to door each way.

Now for a flashback to the opening night of the fabulous *My Fair Lady* at Drury Lane which I attended the night after the preview, about which I wrote last week. Anthony Cookman's review of the musical is on page 368. It was the most glittering first night audience for years and I was interested to meet quite a few friends who had seen the New York production and who each said they thought the London production was better than Broadway's. The legal world was well represented in the audience by the Lord Chancellor & Viscountess Kilmuir (her brother Rex Harrison plays the lead in the play), Lord & Lady Monckton and Sir Hartley & Lady Shawcross, the latter chic and attractive in deep sapphire blue satin. Mr. Cecil Beaton, who was

accompanied by Lady Diana Cooper, was receiving many congratulations on the lovely costumes he has designed for the show. His sisters Lady Smiley with Sir Hugh Smiley, and Mrs. Alec Hambro, were both present, also Sir Kenneth & Lady Clark who were watching from a box, as was Rex Harrison's wife Kay Kendall on the other side of the theatre, glamorous in red chiffon, with his young son Carey Harrison and a party of friends.

In the stalls I saw the Duke & Duchess of Argyll and her daughter Miss Frances Sweeny with her fiancé, the Duke of Rutland, whose wedding is planned for tomorrow. Also I saw the Earl & Countess of Selkirk accompanied by Canadian Mr. Roy Thomson, the Queen Mother's trainer Mr. Peter Cazalet and his wife, Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H., Lord & Lady Melchett, Mrs. de Sola and her daughter Mrs. Jessica de Pass, Sir Henry & Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mr. Oliver Messel and Lord & Lady Colyton.

The cinema and stage were represented by Ingrid Bergman, Adrienne Allen, Dirk Bogarde, Terence Rattigan whose new play *Variation On A Theme* was opening at the Globe Theatre the following week, Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Miller and Mr. Henry & the Hon. Mrs. Sherek. Mr. Sherek has I hear engaged Anna Massey and Paul Rogers to appear in the new T. S. Eliot play *The Elder Statesman* which he is presenting at the Edinburgh Festival in August, before it comes to London.

Many of the audience went on, as they had done the previous night after the preview, to the Four Hundred where Rossi coped with the sudden influx miraculously. A new delicacy he produced for his guests were quails' eggs, which were delicious. Among guests at the Four Hundred who had not come on from Drury Lane I met Mr. George & Lady Cecilia Howard, who live at the fine Castle Howard in Yorkshire, Lord Rotherwick and his lovely wife in a black crinoline who told me she was busy moving into their new London flat in Eaton Square, Lady Heald and her daughter Elizabeth, Miss Caroline Wilson looking very pretty in a short white satin dress, Col. & Mrs. Terence Maxwell and Viscount Reidhaven escorting Miss Mary Illingworth.



AT THE PREMIÈRE—Anne Rogers, tipped to succeed Julie Andrews as Eliza, at the *My Fair Lady* first night, with her father-in-law Henry Hall

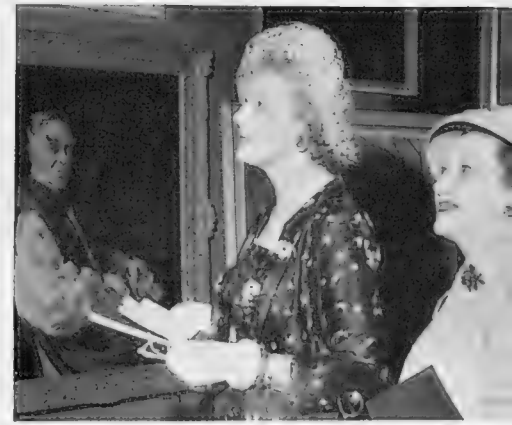




Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy, with Mrs. Humphrey Brooke, wife of its Secretary



The Countess of Dalkeith looking at her celebrated portrait, painted by Lt.-Col. John Merton (left). Centre: Sir Gerald Kelly



Lady Sheppard and Mrs. James Clayton. Mrs. Clayton is Helga Moray, the well-known novelist



Sir Nigel Colman, Bt., and Lady Colman. He is a director of Reckitt & Colman, and a famous breeder of hackneys



The Hon. Cecily Somerset with her father Lord Raglan, who was last year's President of the National Museum of Wales



Miss Diana Kendall with Lord Methuen, who is an A.R.A., and has six paintings on the line

### A wedding party at Westminster

The son, Elizabeth Nall-Cain, only daughter of Lord & Lady Brocket, of Brock Hall, Welwyn, was a radiant bride when she married the Earl of Bective, son of the Marquess & Marchioness of Headfort, at St. James's, Spanish Place. She wore a beautiful dress of pearl-tinted satin embroidered with silver paillettes and diamanté in a shamrock design with a long tulle veil held in place by a magnificent tiara, and a diamond necklace. Her retinue of eight pretty bridesmaids, wearing full-skirted dresses of white net over silver with bouquets and head-dresses of mixed spring flowers, were the Hon. Sheelin Maxwell, the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew, Miss Susan Wills, Miss Sally Hall, Miss Alexandra Seely, Miss Virginia Cayley, Miss Caroline Hill and Miss Mary Illingworth.

After the ceremony Lord & Lady Brocket, the latter wearing a light blue coat and dress with little flower hat to match, held a reception on the terrace of the House of Lords where a pale blue and white striped awning had been erected over a long buffet decorated with vases of lovely flowers and the wedding cake, on which were sprays of shamrock; it was a beautiful setting. The Marquess of Headfort in his wheel-chair, and the Marchioness, charming in deep hyacinth blue with a pink hat and accessories, had come over from Ireland for the wedding and received the guests with Lord & Lady Brocket. A personality greatly missed on this happy occasion was the bridegroom's much loved grandmother, Rose, Marchioness of Headfort, who was not well enough to attend. I met his uncle Lord William Taylour, who was talking to the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank, and his aunt Lady Millicent Taylour was also there. From Yorkshire I met Lady Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, and Lady Cayley, one of whose daughters was a bridesmaid. I also met Countess Ferrers accompanied by her husband, Lord & Lady Cornwallis, Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Michael Pakenham, Brig. Derek Schreiber, Major & Mrs. Victor Seely and Major John & the Hon. Mrs. Wills.

Others among the large number of guests who came to wish this charming young couple happiness were Lady Carew and her sister-in-law Viscountess

Maitland, the Countess of Suffolk, Sir Joscelyn Lucas, Col. & Mrs. Foster Greenwood, Major & Mrs. Roger Hall, the bride's brothers the Hon. Ronald Nall-Cain and his wife and the Hon. David Nall-Cain, and the bridegroom's half-brother Sir Rupert Clarke, who had come from Australia for the wedding and was best man; he also proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. When the young couple left the house for their honeymoon abroad they went first to see the bridegroom's grandmother, Rose, Marchioness of Headfort at her home. It was a charming thought to send the beautiful flowers from one of the urns in St. James's (which like the flowers at the reception had been superbly arranged by Constance Spry) for Lady Headfort to enjoy in her home after the wedding.

### Plans for the Windsor Show

The Royal Windsor Horse Show will again take place in the lovely setting of the Home Park, Windsor, tomorrow 15 and the following two



THE EARL & COUNTESS OF BECTIVE leaving St. James's, Spanish Place, after their wedding. He is the son of the Marquess of Headfort. His wife (formerly the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain) is a god-daughter of the Queen Mother. Jennifer describes this wedding



## JENNIFER *continued*

days, where spectators watching the classes can also enjoy the beauty of Windsor Castle in the background. There will be one floodlit evening performance on Friday 16th, and this year the Castle will be floodlit, too. The Queen is Patron of the Show, and with other members of the Royal Family always tries to fit in at least one visit during the three days. The Duke of Beaufort is president and the judges this year include Mr. J. R. Hindley, Col. G. A. Murray Smith, Col. Neil Foster, Col. G. T. Hurrell, Major Laurence Rook and Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon, all judging hunters. The Hon. Mrs. James Baird is judging the Ladies' Hunters with Lady Stainer; while the hack judges are Miss Jane Kent, Major Peter Borwick, Mrs. G. Gibson and Mrs. M. H. Tollit. Mr. Paul Butler is coming over from America to judge the polo ponies with our great international player Lt.-Col. Humphrey Guinness. The harness classes are to be judged by Mr. J. R. Chassels and Mr. J. G. Runciman, and the Coaching Marathon, always a picturesque class, by Major the Hon. Arthur Baillie, Lt.-Col. A. Corbett and Brig. Walter Sale whose wife the Hon. Mrs. Sale is judging children's ponies on leading rein with the Countess of Westmorland. There are a number of jumping competitions, also a musical and activity ride by the Household Cavalry in full dress uniform each day.

Lady Ogilvy is organizing the set reels for this year's Royal Caledonian Ball which takes place at Grosvenor House next Monday. The set reels this year will include one from the Scottish Horse and, it is hoped, one from the Scots Greys. Tickets for this gay and colourful ball from Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1.

### Guests at the Iraqi Embassy

The Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Seid al-Hussein are among the most charming hosts and hostesses of the Diplomatic Corps and their parties are always beautifully arranged. They gave a reception to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of King Faisal II at the fine Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens. It was a warm evening so that guests were able to stroll and sit in the garden, as well as meet in the long suite of reception rooms. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps and of both Houses of Parliament were present. Among them I met the Venezuelan Ambassador & Mme. Dagnino and their attractive daughter Mme. Carlos Salinas, who has come over from Peru with her children to spend a month in London with her parents, the Austrian Ambassador Dr. Schwarzenberg, Miss Evie



C. C. Fennell

The Kildare Hunt races were held at Punchestown, Co. Kildare. Above: Lady Hemphill, a follower of the Galway Blazers, with the Marchioness of Waterford

Prebensen, the attractive daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador, wearing a cream suit and pink hat, who was talking to the Philippine Ambassador & Mme. Guerrero, Mme. de Steensen-Leth, wife of the Danish Ambassador and one of her daughters, and Lord & Lady Strathalmond.

Also enjoying the party I saw Lady Illingworth, Mr. John Boyd Carpenter, M.P., and his wife, Sir John Rothenstein, Mr. & Mrs. Lucius Edwards, the Mayor of Kensington and his daughter Miss Lucy Fisher, looking sweet in white, and the Mayor & Mayoress of Westminster Sir Charles & Lady Norton talking to Lord Mancroft, who told me he and his wife were shortly going with Mr. & Mrs. Isaac Wolfson on a visit to Israel.

Viscount Inchcape gave a cocktail party for members and friends of the Royal India, Pakistan and Ceylon Society at his charming house in Regent's Park. The society, which holds itself aloof from political controversy, does invaluable work in strengthening the ties of friendship between India, Pakistan, Ceylon and this country through its social functions and culture. Mrs. H. C. Ormonde, the keen honorary social secretary of the society, was meeting many friends. Viscount Inchcape received the guests who included the High Commissioner for Ceylon, and the deputy High Commissioner, Lord Simon, Lord & Lady Killearn, Sir Harry & Lady Townend, and Sir Frederick James. Also present was Lord Sinha & Lady Sinha, Dr. & Mrs. Bhattacharyya, Mr. & Mrs. Privedi and Miss C. Muthamma, all from India and living over here, Mrs. Anabelle Gunsekera from Ceylon and Brig. & Mrs. Sultan Mohammed from Pakistan.



Edward Coster

**ON THE BENCH** The Hon. Sir Richard Elwes, O.B.E., Q.C., son of the late Gervase Elwes, the tenor, and of Lady Winefride Elwes, has been appointed a judge of the High Court. The picture shows him in his robes. He was formerly Recorder of Northampton



**AT COURT** Dr. Antonio Bermudez, the new Ambassador of Honduras, presented his credentials to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Accompanying him was Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps





## NEWS PORTRAITS

**COMMISSION** Count Xavier de Poret, the distinguished French artist who is best known for his pencil portraits, has been commissioned to draw a portrait of the Queen at Windsor. He has already painted several members of foreign royal houses, including ex-Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain



Brodrick Haldane



**CHRISTENED** Prince Niokla, the son of Prince and Princess Tomislav of Yugoslavia, was christened at the Serbian Church, Ladbroke Grove. Princess Tomislav is a niece of Prince Philip and daughter of the Margrave of Baden (*behind*)



**PAINTED** Miss Stella Jebb, daughter of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the British Ambassador in Paris, stands in front of a portrait of herself at an exhibition of paintings by the late Maurice van Moppes. With her is Jacques Heim, the couturier, in whose salon the exhibition was held



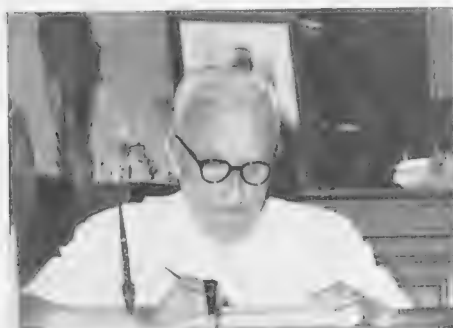
Spaghetti for votes, gangsters on the dole, a princess in a fashion house—these are some of the strange topics in this lively report...

by HENRY THODY

## Maytime madness in Rome



PRINCE: Pier Francesco Borghese, shown here with his English-born wife, is one of Italy's most successful modern architects



POLITICIAN: Achille Lauro, shipping magnate and Popular Monarchist leader, is making a strong bid for power



PRINCESS: Alessandra Torlonia has taken a job on the publicity side of the well-known Roman fashion house, the Fontana Sisters

MAY is Rome's finest hour. The vagaries of early spring weather forgotten; the broiling Mediterranean summer still over the horizon. Maytime, however, always finds the Romans behaving somewhat lightheadedly, suffering from a spring fever which is real.

In May, 1958, the madness is more pronounced, with a slap-happy general election campaign in full Latin swing. On May 25, the country goes to the polls for the first time in five years. The multi-coloured election manifestoes outshine the golden forsythia in the Pincio, the dazzling azalea display cloaking the Spanish Steps.

There is the ex-dictator's widow, Rachael Mussolini, giving the Fascist salute at a Fascist party election rally—though both the stiff-armed *Duce* salute and the Fascists are illegal. There is a squabble among the Communists over a woman M.P. who has been struck off the party's list of candidates. There is controversy over the election tactics of another of the parties. Its agents are said to be giving away spaghetti, football tickets, and shoes. But the shoes are for the left foot only. You get the right one when you vote—for this is one of the right-wing parties. The middle-road Christian Democrats fear that such big-handedness will cost them many votes.

Steel-helmeted riot police, the *Celere*, patrol the piazzas in their jeeps—for no Italian election, especially one held in May, is complete without riots, arrests and bloodshed.

Any resemblance between our elections and the Italian variety is, patently, purely coincidental. One fascinating difference, which might be welcomed by some of our candidates, is that a would-be Italian M.P. has two chances for election. He may stand simultaneously in two constituencies. A case in point: Prince Pier Francesco Borghese, husband of the former London model, Ella Fudge. He is standing in both Rome and Palermo, Sicily.

"I'm standing in Rome because I live there," the dark, handsome young Prince Borghese told me. "But I'd rather be elected in Palermo where I hope I'm known for my work, not my family reputation."

Prince Borghese, one of Italy's most successful contemporary architects, is responsible for a large-scale scheme for clearing the slums in Palermo, Sicily.

Talking of elections, the new Italian government will face a unique problem when it assumes power. What to do with

2,500 repatriated American gangsters, shipped back to Italy under the Mac-Carran law? They include such once-chilling front-page names as Lucky Luciano, Frank Coppola, Frankie Russo and Frank Frigenti. Imagine the burden to any police-force of having an army of hardened criminals, men trained in American gangsterdom's most modern methods, suddenly added to the problem of your indigenous delinquents.

I have spoken to several of these former public enemies to discover that few speak any Italian, for most left Italy in their early childhood. They speak a Brooklynese, drawled from a mouth sucking a thick PX-imported cigar. Dressed in rainbow ties, natty East Side suiting and snap-brim Stetsons, they look anything but Italian. Nor do they appreciate their forced return to the country of their birth. Frank Frigenti, whose unsmiling scarred face makes the average Hollywood characterization of a gangster look effeminate, summed it up for me in a few words over a bourbon-on-the-rocks.

"Brother, I'd rather be back in Sing-Sing, than in this joint. Naples! Makes you embarrassed to admit you were born in such a dump."

Frankie was once Al Capone's right hand. He admits escaping the electric chair by a legal technicality. Today he runs a private detective agency! His first case was given to him by an Italian bank, to recover some stolen travellers' cheques. He had them back in hours. "Hot travellers' cheques? Chicken feed!"

Frank is the spokesman for 2,500. "All they want is honest work—and that's hard to find in Italy. Now if we could get back to the good old U.S.A."

Italy is embittered by this American repatriation of Italian-born criminals. "America accepted them as children. They learnt their bad habits in America. Now America sends them back to us to reform."

May madness also seems to have turned the heads of the Roman aristocracy. Members of Italy's most distinguished families are voluntarily going to work—by the score. Titles today abound in the booming Italian fashion, antique and art fields. In the past Rome's Black Aristocracy has often been criticized for its idle existence, for not setting a better example in living a more useful life, including some harsh words on the subject by Pope Pius XII. Today, however, the smart thing





among the younger elements of Roman aristocracy is to have a job.

The appearance on the commercial scene the other week of Princess Alessandra Torlonia, 22, most eligible of Italy's many attractive young princesses, was the biggest surprise to date. She is working in the public-relations department of the internationally known Roman fashion house, the Fontana Sisters.

A new boutique has just opened in the centre of Rome, "Miss Capri," run by three young contessas, Anna Maria, Alessandra and Patrizia Manfredi. The young girls, educated in Britain, could live at ease in the Capri villa, but prefer a six-day week in their shop. As father is Count Goffredo Manfredi, wealthy industrialist, shipowner, and constructor of Rome's new international airport, the girls have no need to work, except for the urge to be useful.

Countess Marinetta di Frassinetto, daughter of Tuscan nobleman Count Massimo, is now Italy's smartest interior decorator. Her clients include Gina Lollobrigida, Countess Consuelo Crespi, Anna Magnani and Ingrid Bergman. Donna Serra di Cassano, daughter of Duke Luigi and English mother Elsa Grant, has made her mark as Italy's most fashionable creator of swimming suits. Donna Vittoria makes only three suits from any one material design, to avoid embarrassing moments on Italian beaches for her clients, who include Princess Altobrandini and Countess Francetti Fonda, wife of Hollywood actor Henry Fonda.

Countess Flavia della Gherardesca, daughter of diplomat Marquis Alberto Theodoli, has gone into social reform. As executive of the Italian League of Women, she is fighting for equal pay for equal work, a reform which faces a stonier road in Italy than in Britain.

Then there is the former playboy Prince Vittorio Massimo, husband of Britain's screen actress Dawn Addams, working from dawn to dusk on his modern farm

SKETCH: On the Spanish Steps, familiar to visitors to Rome, the azalea is now in dazzling bloom. This impression was specially drawn for The TATLER by Novella Parigini (this page, below). She portrays the spirit of Rome in May

outside Rome. "I know, in the old days it used to be from dusk to dawn," Vittorio told me as he jumped on a tractor.

Maytime madness has also hit Via Margutta, that narrow street off the Via Babuino, which is Rome's artist quarter. Pert, pocket-sized Novella Parigini, Italy's most publicized and attractive girl painter, suddenly announced she is going to Paris to try her hand at strip-tease.

"I've signed a contract at a Left Bank existentialist *boite*," Novella told me. "I regard it as a challenge. And I like challenges. I could never do this in Rome—too many people know me."

Novella, of course, began her artist career by painting herself with the aid of a mirror. She was unable to afford a model. "I painted myself in the nude, because I was too poor to have any decent clothes."

Today she has no financial problems. Her portrait sitters have included Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Linda Christian and Shelley Winters.

Then painter Franco Bugiani has adopted an unusual source of inspiration—he is painting to the vibrations of a tom-tom. An attractive model beats the tom-tom and Franco translates the beat to canvas. His tom-tom abstracts are fetching high prices among American visitors.

Ava Gardner, whose presence in town always prevents Roman night-life from becoming dull, is the saviour of Italian spaghetti-makers. Spaghetti sales have slumped recently as figure-conscious Italian women decided overnight that *pasta* was the main culprit for their overweight. But

not Ava. She eats huge plates of spaghetti daily, often at two in the morning. Her favourite is *spaghetti all carnacina*. If you are interested, here's the recipe: Prepare the sauce by frying in butter chopped raw meat, chopped prosciutto (smoked ham), fresh tomatoes, parsley, garlic, onion.

Ava's secret for keeping her figure may be constant animation. She dances every night till dawn, wearing out a dozen partners as she rushes from one night spot to another.

*Gastronomic postscript:* Another Rome-by-nighter, ex-King Farouk, a lover of gambling and attractive partners, never takes a drink, though few people credit him with this. He has one beverage weakness, however, English ginger beer! As it is not on sale in Italy, he has it imported by the case, through diplomatic channels. Then he sends his bodyguard to deliver a case to all his favourite restaurants and night halts. So a cold bottle of this school-boy's favourite is always ready for him.



SKETCHER: Novella Parigini, who lives in Rome, is a successful portrait painter of international film personalities. She began as a model



# The Queen Birthday

by JENNIFER



The Marquess & Marchioness Townshend. The marchioness was chairman of the committee that organized the Berkeley débutante dress show last month

Queen Charlotte's birthday ball for débutantes at Grosvenor House is one of the most picturesque events of the London Season. The giant iced birthday cake, the débutantes dressed in white, and the slow march of the Maids of Honour as they descend the stairs each side of the ballroom and slowly proceed towards the President and the Guest of Honour is a spectacle never to be forgotten. This year the Guest of Honour who cut the cake was Helen, Duchess of Northumberland. During the slow march she stood, a regal figure, with Margherita, Lady Howard de Walden who for a number of years has been the indefatigable president of this unique ball.

This is a great occasion for family parties, and nearly all the fathers attend as well as the mothers. Nearly 400 débutantes attended this year, but only about 180 were selected (by ballot) as Maids of Honour, for space, even in this vast ballroom, will not permit more. Among the Maids of Honour

Photographs by



Lady Carolyn Townshend with Mr. Shane Summers. Lady Carolyn, daughter of the Marquess Townshend, was one of the maids of honour



Mr. Michael Wigram and Miss Elfrida Eden. Miss Eden is the daughter of Sir Timothy & Lady Eden



Miss Judith de Marffy-Mantuano with Mr. Richard Stancomb. She is a niece of the Countess of Listowel

Miss Melanie Lowson and Lady Lowson with Mr. Nicholas Branch. Miss Lowson's father, Sir Denys Lowson, was formerly Lord Mayor of London

Miss Rosemary Barneby, Mr. Tom Barneby and Miss Veronica Collett. They all came up from Devon, where Miss Barneby is soon to have her coming-out dance





# Charlotte's ball

were the Hon. Gail Mitchell-Thomson, Lady Caroline Acheson, Miss Henrietta Hughes-Young, Miss Ann Cadbury, Miss Christine Pretyma, Miss Belinda Cayley, the Hon. Helen Rollo, Miss Minnie d'Erlanger, Miss Irene Martinez de Salas, Miss Virginia Dennistoun, Lady Davina Pepys, Miss Christa Slater, Miss Miranda Smiley, the Hon. Marilyn Kearley, Lady Anne Marland, Miss Melanie Lowson, Miss Davina Nutting, Miss Antonia Palmer, Miss Harriet Nares and the Hon. Mary Bridgen.

Other girls there, looking enchanting, but not lucky in the draw for Maids of Honour, included Miss Jane How, who had her coming-out dance last month, Lady Sarah Craven, Miss Lois Denny, Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, Lady Sarah-Jane Hope, Miss Jane Durant, Lady Rose Chetwynd Talbot, Miss Gillian Fleming, Miss Caroline Skyrme, Miss Fiona MacCarthy, Miss Alexandra Versen and the Hon. Teresa Pearson.



The giant birthday cake was cut by the guest of honour, Helen, Duchess of Northumberland. The duchess wore a gown of pale turquoise

To the march from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, the 180 maids of honour, dressed in white, walked slowly down the curving staircases from the gallery



Miss Celia Wenger, daughter of Mrs. Henry Wenger, with Lord Anson. Lord Anson is the grandson of the Earl of Lichfield

Miss Caroline Villiers, Lord George Scott, Lady George Scott, the Hon. Nicholas Villiers, Miss Georgina Scott, and Mr. Darel Carey





There's more to putting  
flowers in a vase than  
... putting flowers in a vase

## I learn about The Line

by ANN RUSHTON



"It took her a long time to arrange things to her satisfaction"

A LITTLE WHILE ago I was awarded the second prize for a flower arrangement—novice section—and I'm not sure whether to be pleased about it or not.

It all began about six months ago. I was putting some chrysanthemums into a vase when Tania Brown dropped in. On this occasion she had a long string of beads hanging down to her waist and a white face with mauve lips. I guessed it was the latest Italian trend or something. Tania always likes to feel that she leads fashion in our village and she tells us what we ought to wear, though most of us are too busy wearing out our tweeds to bother.

When she saw my efforts with the flowers she gave a little scream and said: "My dear! you can't put them in a vase like that!" She whipped the flowers out, and looked round the kitchen, but nothing seemed to please her among my glass vases and earthenware jugs. Then she found my old copper kettle. It took her a long time to arrange things to her satisfaction. She snipped stems off some blooms, and pushed others down the spout of the kettle, and at last stood back with pride. "There, that looks like something." I agreed, though I don't know if we both meant the same thing.

"That settles it," she said triumphantly. "I'm organizing some classes in flower arrangement and you simply must come. Mrs. Warrington from Totshead is taking it. On Thursday at three in the Village Hall."

I went reluctantly, but the class was fascinating. Mrs. W. was brisk and efficient. She proceeded to demonstrate rapidly with the flowers in front of her. In a matter of moments she had created and removed the Pyramid and the Oval—"Always try to make an interesting Line with your flowers"—and gone on to some advanced stuff in the Japanese manner. The flowers were utterly subdued by her masterly touch and stayed where she put them, instead of leaning all ways as they would with me.

One of the secrets of keeping them in place, I discovered, was crumpled chicken wire, and sometimes a thing like a ferocious nail brush with metal bristles as well, so on my way home I went into the general store to order some wire. "One roll be enough?" inquired Mr. Smith. I thought vaguely that it would be. When it arrived the next day with the dog biscuits I found that there were 20 yards in a roll. I grew slightly hysterical thinking of the number of vases I should need for that amount, and was even wondering if I should have to start keeping

chickens to use it up, when my husband came to the rescue by returning the roll and persuading Mr. Smith to cut a yard off for me.

I arrived early at the class one day because it was my turn to make the tea. When I went in the hall there seemed to be an awful mess on the lecturer's table. It looked as if last week's flowers had never been cleared away, so I gathered them all up and trotted outside to the dustbin with them, and swept the bits off the floor before going into the kitchen to put the kettles on. When the lecturer arrived I heard a lot of running about, and as I emerged from the kitchen an agitated, stout helper in a flowered smock panted up to me saying: "Have you seen the dried hydrangea heads and capsicum for Mrs.



"An excellent novice effort. Such an original Line"

Warrington? They were supposed to have been left here for her, but we can't find them." Murmuring something indistinctly, I fled out to the dustbin and rescued the lecturer's material, surreptitiously shaking the tea leaves off before handing it back.

After that I learnt to look on anything as potential decorating material, from beetroot leaves to orchids. In fact the old gardener got so annoyed with me for taking young marrows to hang down the front of an autumn group that he went round muttering it weren't natural to use vegies instead of flowers, and what would happen if he sent in gladioli for lunch, he'd like to know?

Collecting containers became an obsession. I began looking at anything that could be persuaded to have a water-holder tucked inside it as a possible basis for an original flower group. My kitchen shelves soon looked like the overflow from a theatrical furnishers, with cherubs holding

horns and dolphins with open mouths jostling for place with wooden corn measures and Victorian workboxes. The only snag was that the kitchen got so overcrowded that the cooking things had to be pushed out into the disused scullery.

Then came the announcement of a competition for flower arrangement at the spring Flower Show. I eagerly studied the schedules: formal dinner table, novice table decoration, one-vase spring flowers and so on. I decided that novice one-vase, any colour, was about my limit.

I was in a frenzy for days, working out schemes on paper, arraying my vessels all over the kitchen, and trying to calculate which flowers would be in bloom in three weeks' time. Finally I decided on a simple pyramid of daffodils and polyanthi. On The Day I went into the hall carrying my flowers and container, followed by an acolyte bringing a sheet to drape the bench, scissors, wire and glucose sweets—in case the strain was too much for me.

When things quietened down I gradually began casting glances round to see what the others had done. The total effect was dazzling, and I was blinking round when Tania came over. "Oh, what a riot of colour!" she exclaimed, gazing at my effort. I looked at her coldly. I didn't care much for the word riot. It was supposed to be a subtle combination of spring shades. Tania had used a whimsy little wicker bird-cage festooned with pink azalea, and with an anaemic china nymph leering across it. "Love in Spring," she explained.

I was spared having to comment as the judges appeared at that moment. They stopped and consulted together before each exhibit, and made notes in a little book. Then they stood muttering mysteriously to each other, while we all waited breathlessly. Then they came round again to make the awards, followed by a steward carrying the coveted prize cards.

As they got to me for the second time, there was a hasty whispering between themselves, and a judge motioned the steward to prop a prize card against my exhibit. One judge nodded, and said kindly: "An excellent novice effort. Such an original Line."

I turned to look proudly at my creation, and to my horror saw that the wire hooked over the side of the vase had given way, and the whole arrangement had slipped sideways. The tip of my pyramid now made a graceful arc. I opened my mouth to say something, then shut it again. Perhaps this was a new method of getting that touch of originality.

# Wales launches a festival

THE FESTIVAL OF WALES, which is to last all the summer, opened with a ball at the Cardiff Civic centre. The Festival was planned in conjunction with the British Empire & Commonwealth Games, to be held at Cardiff in July



The Festival President is Mr. W. Clayton Russon. Above: Mr. & Mrs. Russon with the Mayor & Mayoress of Aberystwyth, Mr. & Mrs. Evan Jenkins



The Bishop of Llandaff with his wife, Mrs. Glyn Simon, and Lord & Lady Brecon



Mrs. C. G. George, one of the Festival organizers, with Mr. David Elwyn Jones, of the St. David's Society of the U.S.A.



Mr. & Mrs. Aubrey Wallich. Mr. Wallich is a vice-president of the Festival. He and his wife make gramophone records in Welsh



Col. Harry Llewellyn, the show-jumper, with the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Berry. Her husband is a son of Viscount Kemsley

Sir Tudor Thomas (right), the eye specialist, with Lady Thomas and the deputy Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Alderman A. Manley



Col. R. E. Isaac, former High Sheriff of Cardiganshire, Mrs. Isaac, and the Lord Mayor & Lady Mayoress of Cardiff, Alderman & Mrs. J. H. Morgan







## AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

The 1958 English Amateur Golf Championship was held at Walton Heath Surrey. Left: Mr. D. Proctor in play during his match against Mr. D. Sewell, the eventual winner. Above: Brig. & Mrs. J. Appleby

## ROUNABOUT

# The cult of the Wild West

by JOHN METCALF



WHEN he was over here recently to whoop up a little high-toned frenzy for *The Ten Commandments* Mr. Cecil B. de Mille, old Man Moses of the Movies himself, took a few minutes off one evening on television and cogitated publicly about the early days of film-making. He described, a little mistily, how he made the first full-length feature film in 1913 or so. And then he said something which puzzled me. "Up till then," he said, "it had all been pretty simple. In the first reel the bad man chased the good man. In the second reel the good man chased the bad man. And when he caught up with him, why, that was the end."

Now I don't know if Mr. de Mille has been to the cinema recently; but I can certainly tell from internal evidence, that he didn't get much time to watch British television during his visit. If he had, he would have realized that all the epoch-making brainwork that went into *The Squaw Man* might just as well have been spent on finding out something worthwhile like why it is that favourites never win at Ascot or why martinis are incapable of peaceful co-existence with champagne.

For whenever I've turned that little knob to the right recently a bad man has been chasing a good man or a good man has been catching up with a bad man. Wyatt Earp still saunters his complacently good-looking way through Kansas. Sheriff Morgan of Cochise is kind to old-timers. The Man from Wells Fargo monotonously recovers the stolen bullion. A large nomad called Cheyenne keeps on telling gun-slingers to

take it easy in the slowest drawl outside of *The Army Game*. The Lone Ranger is still wrapping his thighs around that rearing white stallion and firing silver bullets at the wicked. The old reliablest of Western movies, Ward Bond (scarcely, one imagines, a relation of James), interminably leads a wagon-train of the most unlikely people across the same three miles of



THE ROUNABOUT AUTHOR this week, no newcomer to The TATLER, has written a book about London and broadcasts regularly. He is an advertising director

prairie. The Cisco Kid, whom I first worshipped as a nine-year-old in the shape of Cesar Romero, now has a different and, for my money, less dashing interpreter—but his teeth are still just as white. Oh, and there's Roy Rogers whose jeep always sticks anachronistically in the gullet of my eye; and there's Hawkeye with his cute fur hat and flintlock; and there's even Dick Powell introducing serious actors in a highbrow lot called "Zane Grey Theatre." Of all these programmes the only one with any distinction is *Gun Law*. Here at least is a Western where the writers have taken some trouble to create characters who are believable in themselves, not just cardboard cut-outs to fit the dreary old formula, Mat Dillon and Chester and Doc and Kitty, a professionally written quartet played by a quartet of professionals.

In *Gun Law* things that could have happened to human beings at a given time in American history happen. In the rest it's just the good man—bad man business all over.

And the more you think of it, the more extraordinary it is that this tight little, right little island of ours with its fabled history (as they say in the *Come To Britain* advertisements) should so completely have accepted this wholly American myth as to be incapable of working up its own.

For the majority of American families one can well understand the pull of the Western. Nearly everyone has a great-grandfather or a great-aunt who went West with the wagons, a splendid old ancestor called Ebenezer or Maria

A. V. Swaebbe



were among the spectators. Above: Mr. George Henriques, chairman of the English Selection Committee, with his wife. He refereed the final match. Centre: The 17-year-old Kingswood golfer, Mr.



P. R. Cook, with Miss Hilary Ball. He beat four international players in a row. Right: The amateur championship cup was presented to Mr. D. Sewell by Major J. S. Ruttle, president of the English Golf Union

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Desmond O'Neill

who knew what it was to be short of salt, who hot an Indian from the kitchen window, who truck it rich in Nevada and drank the silver way in Kansas City. But its relevance to us is ounger (as most things are, of course) than Cecil B. de Mille. We only know about Buntline pecials and crooked faro games and dance-hall ostesses and spavinned mules and smoke signals and Dead Man's Gulch and panning for gold and all the rest of the rollicking rigmarole because of an economic accident. They started making movies, you will remember, in New York. But the weather wasn't so good. Some of the righter, younger men had an idea that Californian sunshine was just what was needed in the days before arc lights allowed you to build cow-town inside a studio. And once you're in California with all the scenery littered so amply about the place, what can you do but make a Western? Back in the early 1900s too, the tradition was still a matter of living memory. Fifty years later it is perpetuating itself with a obstinacy that must occasionally surprise its progenitors.

Here we are, all electronics and nuclear energy and jet engines and automation, and all we can

do for hours and hours and hours every week is to hark back nostalgically to a black-and-white past of square-shooters and rustlers which doesn't even belong to us. Nostalgia, there's nothing so terrible about that; but the word means "homesickness" and we seem to be sick for a home which is a whole Intercontinental Ballistic Missile's throw away and can't stir even the faintest tingling in our racial memory.

All that we seem able to produce to stem this mounting tide of horse-opera is an occasional medieval flurry in which King Richard plays the good man and Prince John is the heavy. *Robin Hood* is our nearest approach to the codification of one of our own pieces of popular mythology. The production of that, you may have noticed, is in the hands of a young lady from America. The rest of them, *Sir Lancelot* and *Ivanhoe* and *The Buccaneers*, have lacked the bouncing, schoolboyish conviction that has made the prototype required watching for middle-aged men after tea on Sundays.

What the hell has happened to our racial memory anyway? Where are all these legends we're supposed to be stuffed with? It's irksome to have half the male juvenile population of the

world living a fantasy life based on Wyatt Earp when, with a little ingenuity, they could be admiring an Englishman who would at least take his hat off in his office. But when you start casting about for the idea that will solve so many of the problems that beset British information services abroad you find that creating the English hero is harder than it looks. He needs to combine eccentricity with a straight left, a nautical background with good manners, a love of freedom with a sense of tradition. How about *The Scarlet Pimpernel On The Khyber Pass*? Or would Mr. Spike Milligan, who appears to be the only current scriptwriter who has a true appreciation for our past military glories, prefer to work on *With T. E. Lawrence And The Bengal Lancers At Trafalgar*? or *The Further Adventures Of Sherlock Holmes And W. G. Grace At The Battle Of Waterloo*? Surely something must have happened here other than in Sherwood Forest. And there must have been other good kings than King Richard and King Arthur. At the moment, though, I can't do better than *The Adventures Of Prince Hal At The Tower Of London During The Battle of Britain*. Oh well, *Gun Law* is on in half an hour.



BRIGGS



by Graham





An international flavour to the meeting was given by Mr. J. Benitz's Argentine groom, Fernando Merlos, and Bajon Singh, groom to Lt.-Col. Harper



Twin sisters, Miss Virginia and Miss Joanna Hordern, who live near Midhurst, with Mr. Michael Bell-Syer. He used to be assistant trainer at Newmarket

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Miss Gillian Attenborough, débutante stepdaughter of polo-player Major Robinson, with Miss Sarah Fletcher, also a débutante, and Miss Susan Gaisford St. Lawrence, from Ireland

Mr. Nicholas Embiricos and his fiancée, Miss Undine Harrison, from Pulborough, Sussex. He is a member of the shipping family



THE  
TATLER

## At Cowdray Park polo

A PIRATES PLAYER: Mr. Norman Butler, an American. His father owns the Oak Ridge County Club, near Chicago

A BREWHURST PLAYER: Mr. W. H. D. Riley-Smith, with his débutante daughter Dominie and his wife. He is a member of a northern brewing





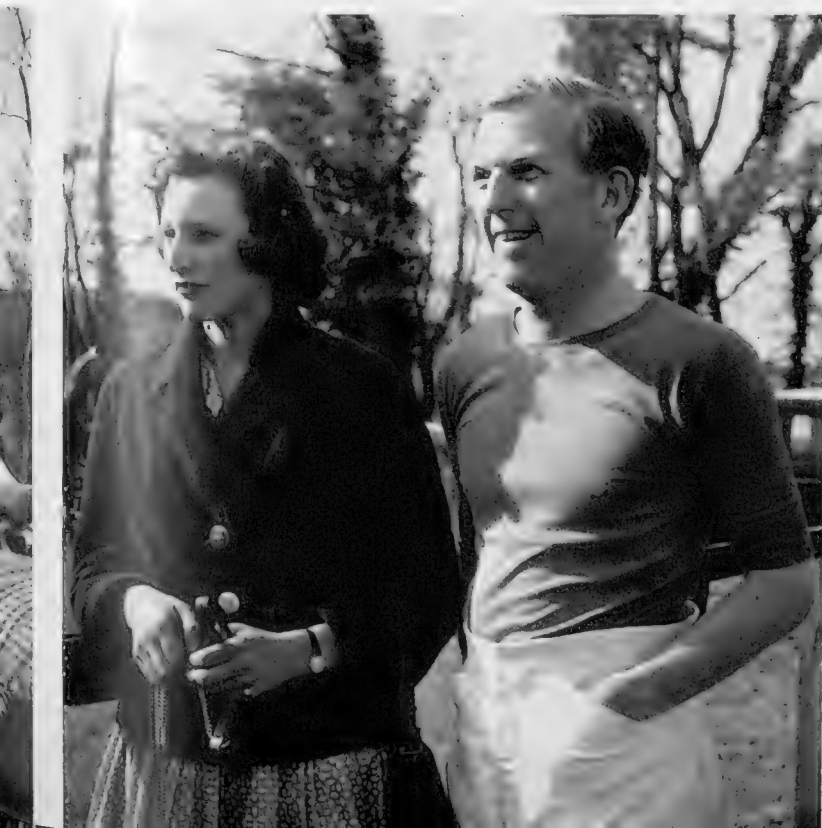
Desmond O'Neill

THE POLO SEASON began at Cowdray Park, Midhurst, with matches for the Tyro Cup. In the semi-finals Cowdray Park beat Jersey Lilies,

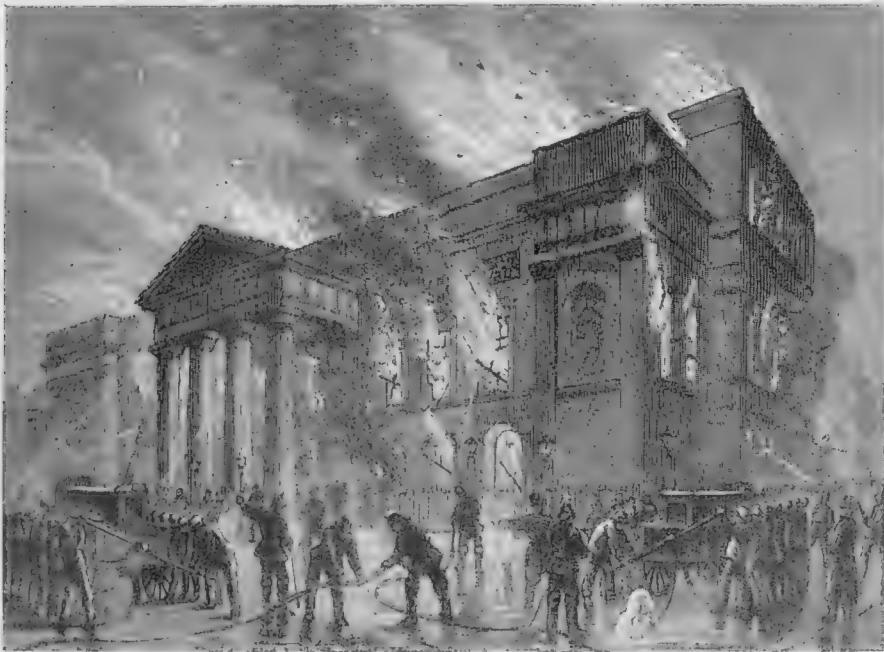
and Brewhurst beat Polo Cottage. Above: Lt.-Col. D. Barbour (Jersey's No. 3), the Earl of Brecknock (Cowdray's back) and another Lilies player

A PIRATES PLAYER: Capt. G. S. Hedley, with his wife. He played in a subsidiary match

A COWDRAY PLAYER: Mr. A. J. Craig-Harvey, with his wife. He is in business in the City







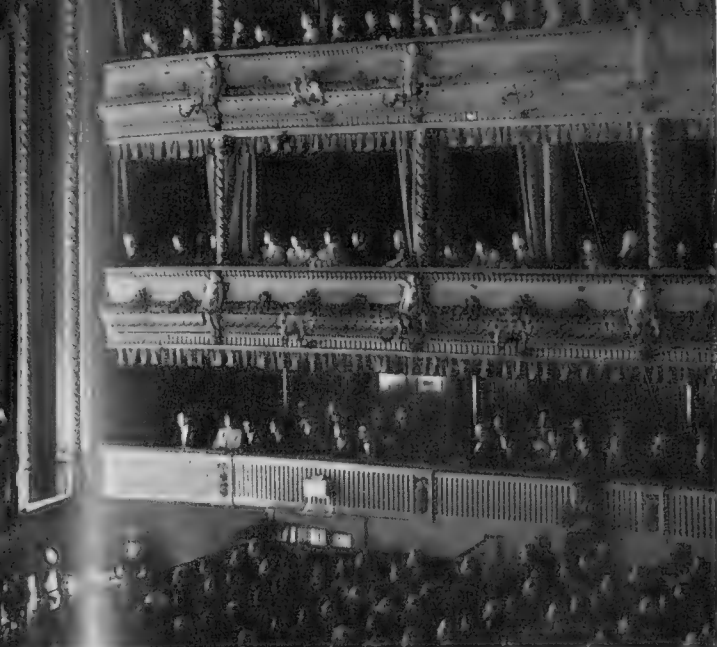
## One hundred years of Covent Garden

by SPIKE HUGHES

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the "only serious fault anybody could find with the Marx Brothers' masterpiece, *A Night At The Opera*, was its lamentable tendency to gross understatement. Real-life opera has always been louder and funnier than that. But whatever your feelings about opera, there is certainly no doubt that ever since the first public opera house was opened in Venice in 1637—if not since 1597, when the first-ever opera was performed in the house of a Florentine nobleman—it has always been News. None of the other arts can compete with it for getting into the papers, nor as an instigator of riots and demonstrations.

What but an opera has ever sparked off a revolution? A performance of Auber's *Masaniello* inspired the Belgians to rise and win their country's independence from the Dutch in 1830. Whose music but an opera composer's would be considered so exciting and rabble-rousing that a play about the assassination of Gustav III of Sweden was allowed by the police at one theatre in Rome, while, at another, Verdi's opera based on the same play had to be censored out of all recognition and retitled *A Masked Ball*? Where but in an opera house would a star's "temperament" make the front page all over the world, including unmusical England, as Maria Callas's unfinished performance of *Norma* did in Rome? And this, remember, did not happen a remote age

THREE BUILDINGS have housed the Royal Opera at Covent Garden. The first (top) opened in 1732 with Congreve's *The Way Of The World* followed by Gay's *Beggar's Opera* the second night. It was burnt down in 1808. The second building was burnt down in 1856 (centre). It was replaced by the present building (bottom), opened on 15 May, 1858



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Tomorrow the Royal Opera House tops its centenary and a celebration will be attended by the Queen next month. Here opera's financial difficulties are contrasted with its popularity

enjoyed a slap-up operatic crisis just like any other civilized country in Europe whose nationally financed opera we used to regard superciliously as eccentric. Our national sport was football, not opera. Now, not only do those other civilized European countries beat us at football but, to demonstrate our own decadence, we actually subsidize opera like anybody else—or very nearly.

The economic implications of this subsidy, however, its patent inadequacy and the problem of where all the money is to come from are things which I do not pretend to understand. All I know is that any country which claims to be civilized, any government conscious that the arts are of more lasting benefit to mankind than a row of concrete street lamps, should do better, for instance, than to allow the National Gallery an annual sum which will buy less than five-eighths of a Cézanne watercolour at Sotheby's.

The really sad aspect of the whole situation is that never before in this country have more people been interested in opera. Lord Harewood founded a flourishing monthly magazine on the subject; up and down the land there are opera "groups" and "societies" who have never performed *The Desert Song* or *Merrie England* in their

lives, but instead produce little-known Verdi, and operas which, while they may be in the repertoire of other countries, have rarely been heard in ours; there is the fine Welsh National Opera Company, receiving no aid from the State but only help from the practical demonstration of civic pride by towns in the Principality.

The development of the long-playing record has also been a considerable factor in stimulating the interest of people who had never been inside an opera house, and more than one gramophone company can offer a wider and more enterprising choice in its catalogue than can ever be found in the vast repertoires of the Vienna and Munich opera houses.

as, like the Auber and Verdi incidents; it happened at the first night of this last opera season in Rome.

And now English opera has been making news. The "crisis" caused by the proposal (since abandoned) to merge the opera companies of Sadler's Wells and the Carl Rosa was to a great many people a most perversely encouraging sign. It was a reassuring indication that at last there was opera in this country to have a crisis about. The reason for the crisis was financial; it always is and it always will be. By its very nature opera, which combines the arts of music, singing, design, drama, acting and often dancing, as well as all the orchestras and stage machinery to go with it, has never been able to pay for itself out of box office returns. The difference between the cost and the public's contribution always has to be made up by somebody. Before successive governments began their systematic soaking of the rich, operatic subsidy in England was provided by private individuals; and when, as inevitably happened, the sources of this guarantee dried up no "crisis" arose. There was just no more opera until another lot of volunteers came forward with more guarantees.

But today, having taxed the money away from those who made opera possible before the war, the Government finds itself having to do the forking-out in their place. There is a certain rough justice in this, and for the first time in history the country has

*SLEEPING BEAUTY* (above, left) was the first work performed by the Royal Ballet (known then as the Sadler's Wells Ballet) at the Covent Garden after the company had moved from Sadler's Wells. Above: Among the great singers to perform at Covent Garden was Lauritz Melchior, seen in *Lohengrin*. He is considered one of the greatest Wagnerian tenors of this century

Those who, like Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells and the Carl Rosa, have to depend for their existence on a Government grant, can never (since they do not know how much it will be next year or the year after) settle down to plan the most important item of any operatic concern—namely, a long-term policy. But Glyndebourne gets along splendidly in the old-fashioned way. It has no Government grant, and before the season starts there is £100,000 in the box office. The inevitable deficit is underwritten by trusts, business houses, bankers, private individuals, deeds of covenant.

What these voluntary subsidizers get out of it, heaven alone knows. But then, whoever expects to get anything out of it? You never get anything out of opera—except the enjoyment of the most fascinating, varied, exciting, exasperating, expensive and spiritually rewarding form of entertainment invented by man.



ADELINA PATTI was 18 when she made her Covent Garden début in *La Sonnambula*. This picture is a contemporary print (1879)



## THEATRE

## Moments I shall remember

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

I SHOULD like to think that somewhere—in the farthest Hebrides or deepest Fulham—there is perchance a reader still waiting to be told whether *My Fair Lady* did, after all, make the grade at Drury Lane. But I don't believe he exists. I shall have for once, therefore, to drop my practised imitation of a hen strutting importantly into the yard with the air of having urgent news to communicate. Everyone knows already that this American musical adaptation of *Pygmalion* is every bit as good as it was cracked up to be. We can only at this stage humbly discuss among ourselves the finer points of the achievement.

The best musical comedy I have seen has for me two "bestest" moments. One is the Ascot pageant which Mr. Cecil Beaton has composed in white, black and grey—a memory of an actual Ascot which thus discreetly observed Royal bereavement. A race bell rings, the fashionable throng suddenly halt their languid gavotte and stare expressionlessly into space,

elegant to look at, ridiculous in their utter indifference to everything but their own elegance. The horses pass the post, the gavotte resumes its languid sway and the first words sung are the exquisitely meaningless: "What a thrill!" It is an effect of the nicest calculation. The pause in the dance is so abrupt that it might well draw a ruinous burst of applause; it goes on, one would swear, a split-second too long; yet both audacities succeed completely and the house is pulled, as it were, back and then sideways in delighted

surprise. An experience to be remembered. and Mr. Robert Coote erupt into a tango of triumph which grows more and more madly exhilarated until the orgiastic ecstasy threatens to leap the footlights and spread over the entire world. This is great fooling, and it springs, as do the other scarcely lesser efforts, from a collaboration in which everyone—adapter, lyric writer, costume designer, stage designer, composer and actor—seems to be functioning at top form. They have at their back the wit and vital music of the Shavian dialogue. Mr. Alan Jay Lerner has been shrewd enough to retain a vast amount of this dialogue, and its contribution is inestimable, yet the really vital thing—and all the collaborators under the direction of Mr. Moss Hart share the credit for it—is that we never feel that this dialogue is being interrupted for song and dance or that song and dance are reluctantly making way for the resumption of the dialogue. One melts into the other with a sort of magic fluidity.

And when this smooth homogeneity may be thought to require a bit of a lift there is Mr. Stanley Holloway to supply the lift with an old and true music hall rendering of the undeserving dustman, a performance loud, cheerfully and tunelessly ironic, gusty and full-blooded yet selecting the points of character with an almost dainty precision and giving them telling immediacy. Mr. Holloway is a mainstay of enjoyment. Miss Andrews must be praised adequately for a spirited and beautiful Eliza who sings charmingly, Mr. Robert Coote for the delicate yet suitably exuberant fun he makes of the pompous, kindly Pickering and Mr. Leonard Weir for his truly melodious moon-baying under Eliza's window on Wimpole Street. But when all is said and done, it is Mr. Harrison's evening. He plays Higgins with a light, fantastic, amusing touch which yet enables him to suggest that there is a great deal of the hero of *Pygmalion* in this hero of musical comedy. He delightfully decorates the joke of anyone so incapable of self-control as Higgins teaching deportment, overdoing it only for a few seconds at Ascot; he has charm enough to let him play up the social obtuseness and the doubtful rudeness for all that they are worth to the comedy. And though necessarily turned in the end by the adapter into the standard love-lorn hero of musical romance he never altogether ceases to represent the attractive combination of system and disinterest found in Shaw's artist in phonetics. There is indeed so much of the Shavian Higgins in Mr. Harrison that there is occasionally a danger that he will remind us that *My Fair Lady*, a superb musical comedy, is, after all, on a lower plane of comedy than *Pygmalion*, an impious thought to carry through the portals of Drury Lane.



The "pompous, kindly Colonel Pickering" (Robert Coote)

The other moment comes as the climax of a series of blackouts describing the flower girl's agonizing struggle to learn duchess's English. Success seems as far away as ever and there is quiet desperation in Higgins's attempt to inspire his pupil with his own deep passion for correct speech. Eliza suddenly comes by a permanent mastery of the key phrase: *The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain*. The miracle has happened. Mr. Rex Harrison, Miss Julie Andrews



SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT. Professor Higgins (Rex Harrison, top), seeking material to prove his theory that language makyth man—or rather woman—casts a reflective eye on Eliza Doolittle (Julie Andrews), insouciant and decidedly non-U child of the market. Her dustman father (Stanley Holloway) expresses proletarian high spirits, like his daughter, at the glittering prospect in front of them

## CINEMA

## Passion in the paddy fields

by ELSPETH GRANT



ON THE SCREEN. In *The Sea Wall*, reviewed by Elspeth Grant, Jo Van Fleet (above) plays a tough and indomitable matriarch ruling an impoverished rice plantation



Cornel Lucas

IN THE STUDIO. Anna Gaylor (above) is the French star of the forthcoming film, *Nor The Moon By Night*, which was produced by John Stafford. Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman (below) share the lead in a new comedy, *Indiscreet*. Cary Grant plays a N.A.T.O. official who loves a stage actress

Frank Buckingham



It may take a little time before you succumb to the curious magic of *The Sea Wall*—in fact I am almost prepared to bet you will be telling yourself uneasily, early on, that this is a very rum, demented piece. But M. René Clement, its director, is a skilled and relentless magician and it's my belief he'll get you in the end. He certainly got me. I felt at the outset as if I were watching an earnest, artificial "Little Theatre" production through a magnifying glass—a somewhat disconcerting experience. Gradually, though, as Mr. Irwin Shaw's screenplay progresses, the characters, while preserving a highly individual quality, assume human dimensions and fall perfectly into perspective against the strange and beautiful background of Thailand, where the film was made.

Miss Jo Van Fleet plays a fiercely possessive matriarch whose life is dedicated to the preservation of the little empire she has built up behind a primitive sea wall on the Pacific coast of Indo-China. The land is poor and so is the yield from her acres of depressed-looking rice fields: her home is a rambling, crumbling shack. Everything about the place is detestable to her son and daughter—played with a remarkably intimate sense of kinship by angular Mr. Anthony Perkins and Signorina Silvana Manganò, whose aspect has taken on a new, interesting severity.

They are sick of their harsh and isolated existence and are forever begging their mother to sell out and let them settle in the city, of which they dream while they dance together to the jangling tunes spilled out by an old gramophone. She is adamant: even when Mr. Nehemiah Persoff, the pathetically inhibited son of a rich business-man, arrives with his father's offer of 15,000 dollars for her land, she refuses to budge.

A typhoon strikes the coast (wonderfully well-directed scenes of devastation and panic)—the inadequate sea wall is breached and the property flooded. Mr. Richard Conte, a stranger marooned by the storm on his way to the city, tells Miss Van Fleet she needs a concrete wall to keep out the sea—and she becomes obsessed with the idea of raising money for this project. Mr. Perkins will have no part of it; he heads umbrageously citywards and is soon embroiled in a passionate affair with a wealthy, bored and slightly faded beauty, Signorina Alida Valli.

Signorina Manganò remains Miss Van Fleet's reluctant but reliable ally. She knows that the wretched Mr. Persoff frantically desires her and, though she is in love with Mr. Conte, decides to sell herself to him. In a film where all the characters' reactions are off-beat, Mr. Persoff's is the most surprising—and the only really admirable one. M. Clement's direction is distinguished by a glitteringly cruel sense of humour and a masterly detachment: I confess, I think he's brilliant.

Mr. Glenn Ford, who patently enjoyed himself in "Cowboy," has a further whale of a time in *The Sheepman*—a lively, well-written Western, directed at a spanking pace by Mr. George Marshall. There was a time when you couldn't

be sure about Mr. Ford because he didn't seem very sure of himself but nowadays—my! my!—with the assurance (to say nothing of the script writers) he has acquired, he could run for President and count on my enthusiastic support. In the story cooked up for him by Messrs. James Edward Grant and William Bowers, all the cards are stacked in Mr. Ford's favour—and he doesn't miss a trick.

Within minutes (screen-time) of his arrival in Powder Valley, Mr. Ford has taken its yokel jokers down a peg or two, scored off a crooked horse-dealer (Mr. Edgar Buchanan), snubbed the uppish local madcap (delicious Miss Shirley MacLaine), and sought out and beaten up the biggest, toughest man in town (Mr. Mickey Shaughnessy). He simply wants to prove that he is not to be trifled with because, as he carefully explains, he knows the townsfolk are not going to like it that he intends to bring a herd of sheep into what has hitherto been exclusively cattle country.

Like it? They are livid. Just in case anybody feels like shooting the matter out with him, Mr. Ford demonstrates that he is quicker on the draw than any man they ever saw. They decide that if he is to be got rid of it would be wiser to use other means. Miss MacLaine tries an appeal to his better nature: surely Mr. Ford doesn't wish to bring strife and bloodshed to a peaceful community? Certainly not, says Mr. Ford affably: he only wants to bring his sheep. Mr. Leslie Nielsen, the neighbourhood's cattle king, tries intimidation—but Mr. Ford, who has known him of old, is quite unimpressed. The sheep duly arrive by train and Mr. Nielsen's men, seething with resentment, are forced by the wily owner to help him unload them.

Mr. Ford is more fun than Superman. A conspiracy to run him and his hated beasts out of town appears momentarily to succeed, but back they come—and when Mr. Nielsen hires a professional gunman to bump off Mr. Ford, you can be certain that it isn't Mr. Ford who bites the dust. His conquest of dear but devious Miss MacLaine (about the slyest and most beguiling puss in pictures) is also a foregone conclusion. Mr. Ford, tempering arrogance and cussedness with engaging good humour, gives his gayest performance to date—and the scenery (the film was shot in Colorado) is absolutely gorgeous, in Cinemascope and Metrocolor. I don't know when I've enjoyed a Western more.

With *Smiley Gets A Gun*, Cdr. Anthony Kimmins continues to follow the adventures (as described in Mr. Moore Raymond's delightful book) of a harum-scarum little Australian urchin living in the out-back. Master Keith Calvert is appealing as Smiley, who is this time blamed for a bush fire and unjustly suspected of theft—but proves himself a fair dinkum kid in the end. Mr. Chips Rafferty gives what Smiley would call an excrucinating performance as the local policeman, and Dame Sybil Thorndike hams hilariously as a dotty old crone with a hidden hoard of gold.



## WOMEN WRITERS WITH NEW BOOKS



Paul Tanqueray



Mark Gerson

Christine Arnothy (left), author of *I Am Fifteen And I Do Not Want To Die*, has now written the story of her experiences as a refugee in Paris, *It Is Not So Easy To Live* (Collins). Eitel Mannin (centre) has chosen a Swedish background for her latest novel *Fragrance Of Hyacinths* (Jarrolds). The new book by Virginia Cowles (right), wife of Mr. Aldan Crawley, is called *The Phantom Major* (Collins, 16s.). It tells the story of the wartime Special Air Service and of the exploits behind enemy lines of Captain David Stirling

## BOOKS I AM READING

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

## A saga from Osaka — complete with cherry-blossom

I AM in no way equipped to venture an opinion on *The Makioka Sisters* by Funichiro Tunizaki (Secker & Warburg, 21s.)—recommended for translation by Unesco as “representative of Japanese culture.” I was defeated by the remorseless length and detail of this story of the four daughters of an Osaka merchant family. It follows their fortunes, leaving absolutely nothing to chance, at a steady walking-pace for 530 pages. For those who can sort out the characters (11 principals are listed at the beginning) and like a nice, long, domestic-Oriental, and very informative read, there it is. I was impressed that the author spent no less than five years writing the book. Before an intellectual and emotional crisis in the 1920s, says the jacket, he was engaged in a “somewhat affected pursuit of evil,” but has since been acclaimed by Japanese critics as a great writer. There’s a firefly hunt and some cherry-blossom for traditionalists, and an astonishing amount of hair-raising sick-room information, described with clinical detail, for those that like something stronger.

I find it just possible, only just, to believe that somewhere there may be a group of stern, hatchet-faced, censorious persons who are not enslaved by the Arthurian novels of Mr. T. H. White.

For those who, like myself, have been compelled for years now to infuriate other addicts by constantly reading the best bits

aloud, no book can be more welcome than *The Once And Future King* (Collins, 25s.). Here for the first time are collected *The Sword In The Stone* (with two new chapters), *The Queen Of Air And Darkness* (a rewritten form of *The Witch In The Wood*), *The Ill-Made Knight*, and a new novel called *The Candle In The Wind*, concerning the tragic last battles and the disintegration of the Round Table.

Mr. White is a mysterious man, an eccentric genius who writes like nobody else, a true original not at all afraid of attacking enormous issues



such as *Right and Wrong*. He can combine high comedy with a sort of desperate, urgent sense of tragedy and never stumble. He knows Mallory backwards, and is also intimidatingly expert on armour, tilting, mythological and real birds and animals, heraldry, magic, falconry, knightly etiquette and the thought-processes of wizards.

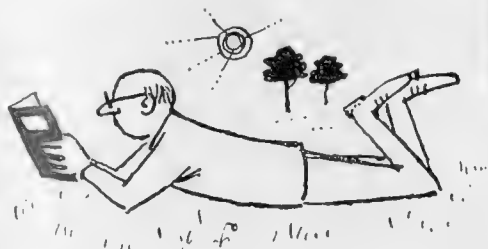
*The Once And Future King*, that tracks the life and marvellous times of the humble boy Wart until his dying years as the sad, gentle, painfully honourable old King Arthur, is funny, fantastic, touching, heroic—an enormous enterprise triumphantly brought off. Arthur’s England is as real to Mr. White as today, he walks about in it, his characters are complicated, deeply imagined, real people. Past and present overlap in double image. Anyone who does not already know Mr. White’s muddled Merlyn, munching his beard and trying anxiously to disentangle what has happened from what is going to happen, the terrible mad hawk Col. Cully quoting the bloodier bits of *Macbeth*, dear huntin’-joustin’-and-questin’ King Pellinore’s butter-fingers combat with Sir Grummore (Pellinore said “Pax Non” under his breath, and so won by a cheat), the dangerous, doomed Orkney clan and their lamentable witch-mother, Lancelot, with the gargoyles face and troubled conscience, hasn’t a moment to lose. Mr. White bewitched me years ago, and there is no counter-spell.

And any new T. H. White addict (you can't feel *mildly* about his writing) should be sure not to overlook *The Goshawk*, the story of the training of one particular hawk, and one of the most extraordinary, disturbing, horrifying yet noble books I have ever read.

*The Isle Of Princes*, by Hans Osbekhan (Gollancz, 15s.), is an oddity with a climate of its own, a haunting book with the drama and yet remoteness of a dream you almost remember. It is set on an island off the Turkish coast—where apparently the author himself was born. There two cousins of an aristocratic family are pursuing the old way of life, away from the Republic and the new order. The boys fight against the life imposed upon them, and with their feelings for two young girls who have grown up with them, and they finally escape. The book seems to be about an attitude towards life and reality, but perhaps this is a pompous way of describing something written so gracefully and poetically with a meaning so veiled and obliquely implied. I am by nature already on the side of anyone who writes about islands, and this island is remarkable.

*Thackeray: The Age Of Wisdom*, by Gordon N. Ray (O.U.P., 55s.), is a fine fat book by a great American Thackeray specialist. It completes the full-length biography that was begun in an earlier volume, *Thackeray: The Uses Of Adversity*. Thackeray was a strong, diligent, balanced and extremely likeable man with a load of very real sorrow—his wife became insane, he was left with two young daughters to bring up, he fell frustratedly in love with a married woman—and Professor Ray's authoritative and sympathetic account of his life and work is fascinating.

Thackeray's daughters lived in a rural Kensington, picking hawthorn-blossom for the schoolroom, going to tea with Mrs. Carlyle (she used to make them hot chocolate against the cold), attending terrific children's parties given by Charles Dickens. The Thackeray girls, in plain sashes and bronze shoes, used to envy the Dickens girls' de luxe white sashes and white satin pumps. Because they loved him all the children used to cheer Thackeray when he came to take his daughters home. The girls slept at the opera, their chins resting on the velvet ledge of the box, while Lablache, "a huge, reverberating mountain, a sort of Olympus," thundered resounding song at a small lady, "a sort of fairy in white." Best of all was the dinner-party Thackeray gave for the formidable Charlotte Brontë, which the girls were allowed to attend, greatly shocking Miss Brontë by their unreprieved incursions into the talk. The conversation never got off the ground, and when someone desperately asked the lioness if she liked London, Miss Brontë gave it grave thought and finally answered "Yes and No." Thackeray, thoroughly unnerved, waited for his chief guest to leave, signed to his daughters to keep mum, and tiptoed off to his club, leaving his other guests to recover unsupported. He was a man it must have been impossible to dislike.



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Penelope Jean Angus to Mr. Giles H. Radice**

She is the elder daughter of the late Mr. R. L. Angus, of Ladykirk, Monkton, and of Lady Moore. He is the elder son of Mr. L. W. Radice, Punjab Club, Lahore, Pakistan, and Mrs. Grahame Rawlings, Graham Terrace, Westminster



Norton-Pratt

**Miss Unity Thornton-Berry to Mr. Michael Hield**

She is the second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Trevor Thornton-Berry, of Swinithwaite Hall, Leyburn, Yorkshire. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. D. A. Hield, of Littlethorpe Hall, Ripon



Harlip

**Miss Rosemary Radcliffe to Lt. Michael Hadcock, R.N.**

She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Talbot Radcliffe, of Presaddfed, Bodedern, Anglesey. He is the youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. Neville Hadcock, Winchcombe Farm, Bucklebury Common, Berks



Bassano

**Miss Jill Whitefield to Mr. Robin D. Broadley**

She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Whitefield, the Grange, Beaconsfield, Bucks. He is the elder son of the late Mr. Kenneth Broadley, Wolferton, Norfolk, and of Mrs. Broadley, Museum Road, Oxford

**Miss Patricia Margaret Clarke to Mr. Nigel M. Dewar Gibb**

She is the daughter of Dr. & Mrs. G. B. Marshall Clarke, Campfield, Bocclair Road, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire. He is the son of Professor and Mrs. A. Dewar Gibb, the University, Glasgow

Hamilton-Walter







*Above:* A slim-fitting, pack-into-nothing dress by Fredrica in a blue shadow print. Price about 7 gns. at Cresta Shops, London, Birmingham, and Bournemouth. The enormous drop-pearl ear-rings are by Corocraft, who also make a matching drop-pearl necklet

## Cool and crisp in cotton

TEXTILE technicians can now do such tricks with cotton that often only an expert eye can distinguish it from true silks and satins. It is an ideal fabric for summer evenings, for dances in the country, for taking abroad where no dry cleaners are at hand (it stands up to washing punishment). Except on the most formal occasions you can be comfortably gay in cotton all the summer



*Right:* A strapless Wistaria-print dress in white and blue, with a well-built bodice and a huge blue rose for a trimming. A Horrockses dress, about 10½ gns. at Cresta, Bond St., Marshall & Snelgrove, Leicester, Popham's, Plymouth. River pearls by Corocraft



Michel Molnare

This short cotton evening dress in rose-toned print has a satinized finish. Supplied with its own petticoats the dress costs approx. 8 gns. at Channele of Knightsbridge, who make it in their own workrooms. Five-strand river pearl necklace by Corocraft





*Opposite:* This poppy red dress in printed poplin is beautifully made with a long torso line—hugging the body. By Frank Usher, at Liberty's of London, Dalys of Glasgow, Elliston & Cavell of Oxford. About 19 gns.

# Look bright, feel right, travel light



Michel Molinare

*Above:* An intricately cut dress in waffle piqué, white with a bold blue spot. By Jean Allen. Obtainable at Fifth Avenue, Regent Street, Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham, and Nola Gowns of Chester. Price about 15 gns.

*Left:* A skirt of woven cotton in tan, black and white. Here it is worn with a tan camisole top. Alternatively there is a black strapless top (not shown). From La Strada of Hanover Street, W.1, the skirt costs 9 gns., the top £2 19s. 6d.



# Crown it with

NOTHING is more flattering to a woman than a flower-strewn hat. A head-hugging helmet like this one (*left*) is safest on a windy day. It has white violet-heads massed on a featherweight net frame. By Jenny Fischer of Motcomb Street, S.W.1. Price: approx. 13 guineas

Another close-fitting helmet (*below, left*), made entirely of lilies-of-the-valley. It is smart as well as feminine and is made by Madame Vernier, 82 George Street, W.1

*Below, right:* Scattered rose petals in delicate shades of mauve and pink cover this helmet designed by Gina Davies of Brook Mews. It is obtainable at Dalys of Glasgow, and Marshall & Snelgrove, London. Price: approx. 15 guineas



# flowers



Michel Molinare

NOTHING is more romantic than the large-brimmed picture hat. This one is made in white parabuntel straw trimmed with white lilac and roses. By Otto Lucas, at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, W.1, and Samuels of Manchester



IN CO-OPERATION with the Cotton Board, Woollands of Knightsbridge are organizing a special cotton show this month to prove that Britain remains supreme in the manufacture of ready-made clothes. Leading dress-houses have contributed new exclusive models, all of which are made of British cottons. These models are only at Woollands. There are some 40 in every type of cotton

## Elegance off



## the peg

A dress and jacket in flowered cotton by Horrockses (*right*). The jacket has the fashionable bloused back, and the dress has short sleeves. Price: £5 19s. 6d. A dead-straight chemise dress (*left*), made in a bold Tahiti print by Spectator for the fastidious woman. The colours are rust, black and white. Price: 8½ guineas. The cotton lace dress over a fitted sheath (*extreme left*), is essentially of the moment. By Frederick Starke. 17½ guineas

CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK





## SHOPPING

# Fittings and furnishings

by JEAN STEELE



Roses decorate these fine-quality percale cotton sheets which are made in blue or soft pink. Sets consist of two sheets and two pillow cases. (Single-bed size, £7 19s. 6d.; double-bed size, £8 19s. 6d.) Debenham & Freebody



The rural design of the "Sherwood" furnishing fabric is emphasized by a bark-weave effect. The new Calpretafix finish prevents it from shrinking or stretching. (14s. 6d. per yard, approx.)



The rubber backing of this bridge cloth (trimmed with a border of playing-card motifs) keeps it from slipping or curling (£3 17s. 6d.). Marshall & Snelgrove



This three-light table-lamp, for a contemporary furnishing scheme is a type gaining popularity (£10 10s.). Hampton's



These original Mexican paintings give a lively decorative effect in a plain or contemporary setting (£6 6s. each). Hampton & Sons, Ltd.



Playing-card motifs are again used for decoration, this time on gay felt cushions (£1 15s. each). Hampton & Sons, Ltd.



The "Apollo" chair can be adjusted to two different heights—low for television viewing, high for sitting at a desk or table (£6 19s. 6d.). Perring of Kensington

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## BEAUTY

## The art of shaping

by JEAN CLELAND



ONE Martin Douglas cuts across the hair to thicken the ends and give the necessary fullness on the crown



TWO Club cutting again, but this time into the hair in a series of V shapes to achieve the necessary graduation



THREE Lifting the hair and tapering. This thins down the ends of the hair

**I**N Fashion, elegance lies in the "cut." It is this that creates the "line," with which even the simplest frock achieves distinction.

The same thing applies to hairdressing. In styling the "cut" is all important, and while this may seem simple, to do it successfully requires great skill and years of experience. Many of the leading hairdressers today make a feature of the casual style, the effect of which is so natural as to seem haphazard. But do not be misled. From start to finish, the whole thing is planned and studied.

What is the secret of good shaping? I had a talk with Martin Douglas, a foremost exponent in the art. "In creating a good shape," he said, "various things must be borne in mind during the cutting. One, a clear idea of the style one desires to achieve. Two, a mental picture of what the whole effect will be when it is finished. Three—and this is essential—the type of hair with which one is dealing.

"Fine hair needs 'thickening' or at least it needs to be given the appearance of thickness. This is done by club cutting, which means cutting the hair straight across in layers. This thickens the ends, which is necessary, since hair is finer at the ends than it is at the roots.

"For coarse hair, my brother and I believe in shaping completely with the razor, since this, by taking away several layers, thins it down and enables the hair to lie closer and more sleekly to the head.

"For medium hair, a combination of both methods is adopted, according to the style required, and the actual quality of the hair itself, whether, for instance, it tends more to fineness or coarseness."

I suggested to Mr. Douglas that it would be interesting to see some of these points illustrated by photos. He agreed, and had these photographs specially taken for this page.



SIX The finished style. The hair is longest on the crown and tapers gradually away into the nape of the neck where it is only  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 inch long



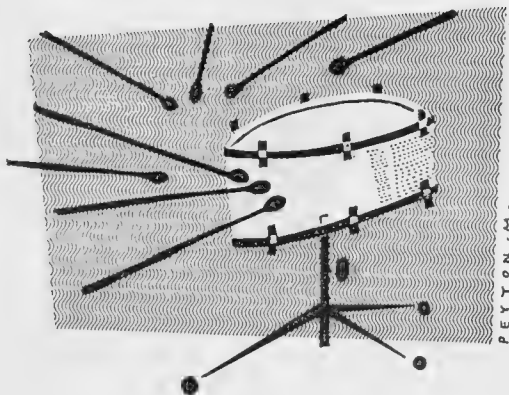
FIVE After the hair has been thinned, the ends can be clubbed off



FOUR Thinning from the roots allows the hair to lie closer and more sleekly on the head

John Cole





## RECORDS

## Hollywood and Dixieland

by GERALD LASCELLES

**H**OT on the heels of the presentation of *My Fair Lady* comes an impressive recorded version of *South Pacific*, which consists of the soundtrack of the film. The full splendour of the Todd-AO vision and sound system is lost, but the delightful performance given by Mitzi Gaynor is here to stay. The music of Rodgers and Hammerstein is some of the most listenable I know, and far outlasts Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate*. Philips have released the original stage-cast's version of the latter, featuring Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison, which I find disappointing.

Spending most of my listening hours in company with the more raucous jazz sounds, I find great solace in a "freak" release, on H.M.V., in the shape of two E.P.s devoted to the songs of British Birds. Ludwig Koch and the B.B.C. collaborate to produce some technically remarkable recordings, which are both entertaining and educational. It is a pity that announcements were not dubbed into the numerous short tracks, which require frequent reference to the sleeve notes, unless you happen to be more ornithological than I am. Prolonging the trance-like atmosphere, there is an outstanding piece of jazz guitar-playing by the Jim Hall Trio on *Vogue*, whilst many will rush to the soothing sounds of Julie London singing (or is it purring?) "Make love to me." I prefer to leave this one for the disc-jockey's late-night session, and to concentrate on Bing Crosby singing with the

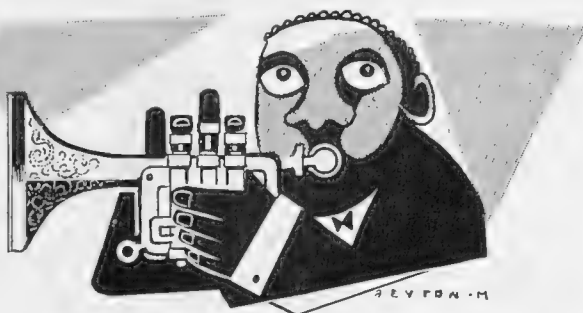
Dixieland Bands on Brunswick. Many tracks will be familiar, and they boast such interesting names as brother Bob Crosby, Eddie Condon and Woody Herman among the supporting groups.

Turning to the fiercer sort of music, I revel in the sounds made by the Dizzy Gillespie band, playing at the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival. Here is modern big-band jazz blown by those who know the medium best. A technical intricacy manifests itself, making the music initially unacceptable, but anyone who can triumph over the first or second playing will be rewarded with a vital and exciting discovery. The soloists have much to say, and they say it well in their exacting way. Mr. Gillespie is making his first tour of Britain; I hope some of my readers may have had the opportunity to hear him with the "Jazz At The Philharmonic" group.

I am equally excited and impressed by the Basic Band's efforts at Newport, which come in two forms. The first has Joe Williams as the featured vocalist, and the second has blues-singer Jimmy Rushing and the fabulous tenor-saxophonist Lester Young rejoining the band temporarily for this special session, after 15 years' absence. The band's customary precision is slightly lacking, possibly due to the presence of so many "strangers" in the line-up. Precision, however, is not the only adjunct to good jazz, and I relish the progressive excitement built up in the tracks where Rushing and Young are featured.

## Selected Records

R.C.A. RB16065	SOUTH PACIFIC	12-in. L.P.	£1 19s. 11½d.
Brunswick LAT8228	BING CROSBY & THE DIXIELAND BANDS	12-in. L.P.	£1 17s. 6½d.
Vogue LAE12072	JIM HALL TRIO	12-in. L.P.	£1 18s. 3d.
Columbia 33CX10105	DIZZY GILLESPIE AT NEWPORT	12-in. L.P.	£2 1s. 8½d.
Columbia 33CX10110	COUNT BASIE AT NEWPORT	12-in. L.P.	£2 1s. 8½d.
Esquire EP183	ZOOT SIMS HOLLYWOOD QUINTET	7-in. E.P.	13s. 7½d.





## ART AT THE EMBASSIES - 2

## italian grace

BETWEEN United States official buildings in Grosvenor Square is the residence of H.E. the Italian Ambassador, Count Zorpi. In the state rooms there the President of Italy and his wife will entertain the Queen and Prince Philip to dinner tonight. The dining-room is shown here (bottom right). It is long and elegant, and is hung with tapestries from Florence.

The Adam drawing-room (where the Queen will be received) is upstairs (top right). It has a set of four vividly coloured Florentine tapestries of "The Children Gardeners." Two are of Spring, one of Autumn and one of Winter and are vividly coloured. Among other works of art in the residence is a painting on wood (top left) by Francesco Pescellino (1422-57) of the Madonna & Child and saints against a gold background. It stands on a table with another early painting by Aretino (1400) in front of a large and still brightly coloured Fiammingol tapestry (top centre), the subject of which is "Leaving for the Chase."

A beautiful 18th-century painted Venetian cabinet (left), filled with china of the same period, is the outstanding feature of the main reception room. The room also contains several attractive paintings, one of which is a portrait of Jane Middleton attributed to Sir Peter Lely. Another is by Sebastiano del Piombo (1489-1547) and is of Venus of Tartaruga.



Ven Hallan



## MOTORING

## New death-traps for old

by GORDON WILKINS



AFTER THE OPENING. The long-awaited Markyate by-pass has brought new dangers. Above, top: Only one overtaking lane for traffic in both directions. Centre: Islands and pylons, and sharp variations in width disturb the flow. Bottom: Traffic emerging from the old village street need not halt

AFTER REBUILDING. Western Avenue, London, still needs a warning sign (below) and because the railway bridge has not yet been widened cyclists are forced out into crowded motor traffic



HEARING that the Roads Campaign Council was going to inquire into the bad accident record of the new Markyate by-pass, I took a look at it when I went over to Luton to see the results of Vauxhall's £36 million expansion scheme.

I do not know what the experts will say, but it looks to me like a text-book example of how not to build a road. A large part of it is divided into three lanes—the most dangerous layout of all—and elsewhere there are big variations in width, with traffic alternately spreading out and bunching together while drivers dodge islands and pylons littered down the middle; a sure source of trouble in wet and misty weather. Buses stop on the main carriageway, pedestrians are provided with one bridge, but are free to cross anywhere else, side roads which project vehicles into the flood on this vital highway are not even protected by Halt signs. At a cost of £211,000, and 1½ years of work we have been provided with a 1½-mile death-trap which has taken six lives in nine months; nearly as many as the old narrow road through the village took in 20 years.

But this is only one of many cases up and down the country which give the impression that the pathetically small road construction budget is being frittered away in patching operations which simply exchange new death-traps for old. After spending £224,000 on the reconstruction of part of Western Avenue, London, with dual carriageways and guard fences, the Minister of Transport has admitted that the operation has failed by imposing a 40 m.p.h. speed-limit and permitting the big warning signs illustrated here. There is good reason for the warnings. Sharp changes in road width now force cyclists and buses out into the faster traffic stream in order to cross a railway bridge.

Work has now started on bridge widening but the new hazards could have been avoided if the work had been done during the long months when the road was being reconstructed.

The main A40 road from London to South

Wales makes an unnecessary detour through the village of Andoversford involving passages under two railway bridges, which create four dangerous corners. Substantial sums have been spent in recent years excavating under the bridges to increase the headroom and in widening the road on the London side so that traffic can approach the danger spots at a higher speed. A by-pass less than half a mile long would avoid all the danger by keeping the traffic north of the railway line. But it would need a new bridge to take the road under a branch line, and in England we seem to find bridge-building a curiously difficult operation.

In night driving, two of the most disturbing factors are constant changes in road lighting and frequent changes in road surface, but we are apparently condemned to suffer both for a long time to come. The Government regulates the number, power and position of vehicle lamps in the minutest detail and is now going to introduce detailed tests of old vehicles on the flimsiest evidence, but to impose uniform lighting on all trunk roads would apparently infringe sacred democratic principles. So drivers must plunge from light to darkness and from dimness to dazzle and take the consequences if their over-strained eyes play tricks.

Apart from lighting, it is now widely accepted that a light road-surface makes a valuable contribution to safety by reflecting light and increasing contrasts, but there is no sign of any attempt to apply this knowledge. When you turn on to the St. Albans road you will be helped at night by its white concrete surface, but your joy will be short-lived. The 53-mile stretch of motorway from St. Albans to Rugby will be covered with black asphalt.

As Dr. Japelli, managing director of Lancia, put it in a recent paper: "Having transformed night traffic into a sort of jungle battle by black men on a moonless night, we make a great effort by increasing the range and intensity of our headlights... but the road's black surface absorbs the light and defeats us."



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Quentin's and Billy's French is not up to much, but they've found out on this trip what '*Quelle jolie voiture*' means. Everywhere they went, the A.95 attracted admiring glances. Their father gallantly insists that these were meant for their mother, but the boys think otherwise. Billy is now busy with the phrase book working out the Flemish for "it has a six cylinder 2.6 litre engine, it seats six people, and can do up to 90 mph".



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A BALL was held at the Hurlingham Club in aid of the Royal Hospital & Home for Incurables at Putney. Above, left: Mrs. Arthur Blackburne, chairman of the ball committee, with Mr. C. Sparkes, a civil engineer. Above, right: Mrs. I. Habershon, a member of the committee, and Rear-Admiral F. R. J. Mack, R.N. (ret'd.), a Gentleman Usher to the Queen

Van Hallan

## DINING OUT

# Roast beef and old England

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

## A ball at Hurlingham



Miss Diana Drew with Lt. Jeremy Grace, R.N.



Miss Elizabeth Hare and Mr. P. Taylor won a B.E.A. flight voucher



Miss Sally Hambro with Mr. Martin Ormond



Mrs. J. H. Piesse and Mr. R. F. Archibald



Mr. John Trew, an architect, with his sister, Mrs. Philip Yorke



Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones with Mr. R. Seymour Chalk

So back to England. However happy I may have been abroad, England is my home and I return with no regrets.

The blow of realizing that one's holiday was over for another year was softened by the friendly and efficient attention we received from the officers and crew of the British Railways somewhat old-fashioned car ferry, the s.s. Dinard. This ship is an old hand at the game.

We drove on and off with a minimum of red tape. Everybody made things as easy and as comfortable as possible. We went both ways in the Dinard and on the way out we had one of the two staterooms available which, for £1 extra, is the best value I can imagine.

On the way back, Capt. W. R. Waters heard that my wife was a bad sailor and that I had been unable to reserve a cabin. With a gesture that recalled Sir Walter Raleigh and his cloak, he placed his own cabin at her disposal.

I lunched on board more out of curiosity than hunger and chose asparagus soup, roast beef with horseradish sauce, with French fried potatoes and fresh peas, followed by Camembert cheese, which was ripe—excellent value for 7s. 6d.

If there is one thing I hate doing when I return to England it is rushing straight home, so we spent the night at the Burlington Hotel at Folkestone. There the manager, H. N. Brooke, has decided views on the kind of courtesy and service his guests should receive. It has to be of the highest quality and they get it.

Mr. Brooke was deputy managing director of the Imperial Hotel at Torquay for three years before he came to the Burlington, and was assistant manager at the May Fair Hotel in London for two years.

The décor of the Burlington is bright and gay and the whole place has a warmth about it which comes not only from the central heating, but from a fine open fireplace in the main lounge and the smiling faces of the staff.

It is always pleasant to find old friends when you return to an hotel and there was John Fauguel, the head porter, behind his desk, and René Ancil behind his bar ever ready to welcome and provide.

At dinner in the grill room, chef Milford provided a sole caught locally, and some lamb cutlets and kidneys which were a sharp reminder that there is fine food to be found in England if you know where to go.

Next day a slow drive back to London, stopping at some of England's ancient inns—all of the oak-beam-and-big-fireplace variety and a joy to behold when you enter.

The first stop was at the Old Bell at Oxted to take a glass of beer with that far-famed restaurateur, M. Conti, then on to the White Hart at Godstone, whose licence dates from 1370. There I found David Lamdin, one of its directors, down from London to make sure that all the vast improvements they have made to this hotel were operating in a proper manner.

Finally to an excellent lunch and some fine wine at the Whyte Harte at Bletchingley where C. H. Mathews has just celebrated his 21st Anniversary as Master. This historic inn dates from 1388; it's full of old beams and huge fireplaces and has built up a considerable reputation for the quality of its cuisine.

CELEBRATION.—Mr. C. D. Notley held a dinner at the Mirabelle restaurant to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his advertising business. Mr. Notley is a successful farmer with a famous herd of breeding bulls, and he also raises chickens on a large scale. Right: Mr. Notley with Mr. J. Raymond





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100 Bellevue	20	30
150 Royal Georges	20	30
150 Schweizerhof	20	30
80 Carlton	18.50	26
70 Du Lac	18.50	26
80 Crebis	18.50	26
110 Metropole and Monopole	18.50	26
55 National	18.50	26
100 Bellevue	17	24
45 Beau-Rivage	17	24
80 Bernese	17	24
60 Bristow	17	24
70 Central	17	24
100 Du Lac	17	24
100 Eden	17	24
70 Gotthard	17	24
100 Interlaken	17	24
80 Jura	17	24
20 Neuhaus (Th'see)	17	24
100 Oberland	17	24
100 Savoy	17	24
60 Splendid	17	24
110 Weisses Kreuz	17	24
60 Alpina	15.50	21
30 Bären	15.50	21
45 Beausite	15.50	21
18 Blume	15.50	21
70 Drei Tannen	15.50	21
70 Europe	15.50	21
80 Hirschen (Interlaken)	15.50	21
55 Horn	15.50	21
28 Rosli	15.50	21
45 Sonne (Matten)	15.50	21
11 Adler	14.50	19
25 Anker goldener	14.50	19
16 Bahnhof	14.50	19
40 De la Paix	14.50	19
25 Drei Schweizer	14.50	19
21 Fintracht	14.50	19
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THE GERANIUM DANCE for young people was held at the Anglo-Belgian Club, in Belgrave Square, at the end of the school holidays. Above: Miss Carol Guest (St. George's, Ascot), and Mr. Ashley Guest (Marlborough), children of the Mayor of Marylebone, with Miss Diana Currie (Queen's Gate School), Mr. Patrick Furlong (Winchester), Miss Clarissa Kindersley (Queen's Gate), and Mr. David Currie (Stowe)

## End-of-holiday dance



Miss Vivien Lloyd (Queen's College, Harley St.), with Mr. James Moore (Uppingham)



Miss Monica de Majo (Queen's College), and Mr. Anthony Murly-Gotto (Harrow)



Miss Serena Bach, Mr. Charles Russell (Eton), and Mr. Ralph Hulbert (Eton)



Mr. A. Page (Scaitcliffe), Miss Vanessa Williams (Lawnside), and Mr. T. Robinson (Shrewsbury)

Mr. John Chetwynd, nephew of Viscount Chetwynd, and Miss Elizabeth Atkinson, with Miss Deborah Walker-Smith (Winkfield), Miss M. Macrae (St. Stephen's, Broadstairs), and Mr. D. Maclean Watt (Winchester)

Van Hallan



## DINING IN

# Don't be afraid of brains

by HELEN BURKE

I OFTEN see brains and sweetbreads and tripe at the butcher's but never buy them because I do not know how to prepare them." This remark, which rather surprised me, was made to me recently—not by a young housewife nor by one whom I had ever considered lacking in courage in her catering. It occurred to me then that there must be many people who, fearing failure, will not attempt cooking anything which is, say, "off the general run" of supplies.

Brains, for instance, are considered a delicacy by those who know. Escoffier says: "Calf's brains form the most wholesome and reparative diet for all those who are debilitated by excessive head work; and the same applies to the brains of the ox and the sheep."

I love to read Escoffier, especially his "asides" giving important information so often omitted by less expert chroniclers. For example, in his introductory note, he says: "Brains have this peculiarity, namely, that prolonged cooking only stiffens them; thus, calf's brains only take  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to cook; but they may cook for 2 hours more without harm, seeing that the process only tends to make them firmer."

That information is what every young cook needs to know before she attempts brains. If you are in the habit of ordering them when you see them on the menu of a restaurant, then, next time you see them in your butcher's shop, buy them and force yourself to "have a go"! A butcher who prides himself on presentation will have handled them carefully, so all you have to do is gently to remove the membrane, then soak the brains in successive baths of cold water until they are completely white. This is the first step for nearly all brain dishes and the next is this:

Make a *court bouillon* with 2 pints water, a tablespoon of vinegar, a sliced carrot and onion, a spray or two of parsley, a small sprig of thyme, a pinch of kitchen salt and 1 to 2 freshly crushed peppercorns. Cover, bring to the boil, simmer for an hour, then strain and it is ready. Bring the *court bouillon* to the boil, carefully lower the brains into it and gently simmer them for  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour, never allowing the liquid to boil. Lift them on to a clean cloth to drain and they are ready to be used.

A first easy dish is brains with hazel butter. Cut each brain into two slices, turn them in seasoned flour and gently fry them in butter which has reached that lovely *noisette* stage when it takes on the aroma of browned hazel-nuts. Turn them into a heated entrée dish. Sprinkle a little lemon juice and more hazel butter over them and strew a little chopped parsley on top.

Here is another lovely dish: Cut the cooked brains into one-third inch slices. Dip them in beaten egg and very fine breadcrumbs and fry them to a warm gold in clarified butter. If you have none of this, add a spoonful of olive oil to the plain butter and the slices will not stick. Arrange the slices in a circle with asparagus tips, first turned in butter, in the centre. To make this dish entirely *Cervelle à la Marechale*, top each piece of brain with a slice of cooked truffle.

Serve an invalid with *Cervelle à la Poulette*. Make a rich Bechamel sauce. Add to it the juice from 1 to 2 chopped mushrooms cooked, covered, in a little butter, a good squeeze of lemon juice and 2 tablespoons water for 5 minutes. Or thinly slice 2 to 3 small white mushrooms, cook them as above and add them and their juice to the sauce.

Slice the brains, cooked in *court bouillon*, place them carefully in the sauce and heat them through. Sprinkle them with a little freshly chopped parsley.

And now from brains to a brainwave! Homemade marmalade without laborious time-taking preliminary preparation. You can now buy bitter oranges ready to be finished into marmalade. For 3s., I bought a can containing 1 lb. 12 oz. of thinly cut peel and pulp. I was directed to add  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint water and 3 lb. sugar, the final yield being 5  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of very good marmalade at a price much lower than my favourite bought variety. Seems quite a good idea.





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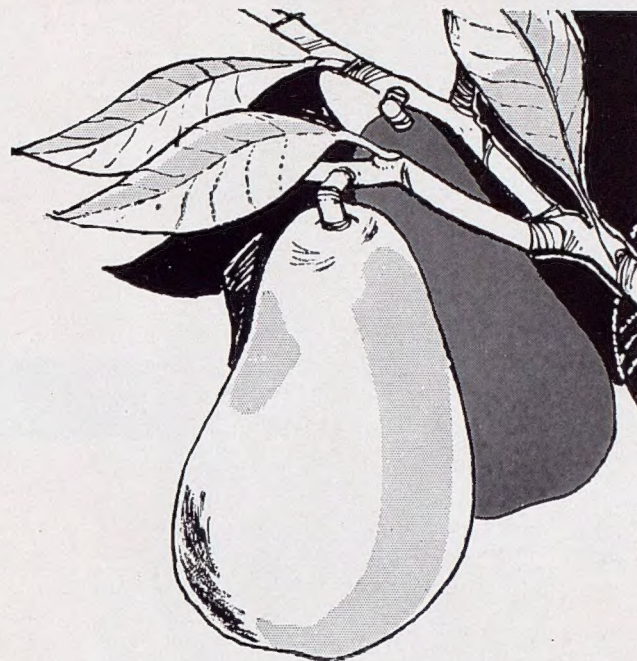
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Alice could not help pointing her finger at Tweedledum and saying, "First Brother!"

"Nohow!" Tweedledum cried out briskly.

"Next Brother!" said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee. But he only shouted out "Contrariwise!"

"Look before you leap to conclusions," said Tweedledum. "Just because we're alike . . ."

"We might be no more alike," broke in Tweedledee, "than a glass of Guinness and a packet of Butter-Scotch—and *still* belong to the same family."

"But," began Alice, "Guinness is brewed—"

"Exactly," said Tweedledee, "Guinness's brood includes Callard. And Bowser, of course."

"By adoption, you know," said Tweedledum gravely.

"But Guinness is tall, rich and handsome," Alice ventured to object.

"Callard and Bowser sweets are small, rich and toothsome," said Tweedledum. "There's a strong likeness, if you look."

"Goodness!" said Alice.

"Precisely," said Tweedledee.

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